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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Bull's-eye view ... by WEP

Keep smiling and fit —

Free
FROM
**COLDS
& FLU**



Keeping free from colds or 'flu isn't always a matter of luck. Wise people do something constructive. It has been proved over and over again, for more than 25 years, that 'ASPRO' is a safe, easy, and effective method of coping with colds and 'flu. You can carry 'ASPRO' anywhere — you can take it anywhere. To be without 'ASPRO' is to run a needless risk.

And remember, 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or stomach.

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Happy reunion for recent arrival from England

Recently arriving in Australia to start life anew, Mrs. West very soon had a reminder of England on seeing an 'ASPRO' packet. Apparently it was such a happy link with old associations and a good first impression of Australia that Mrs. West felt prompted to write, straight away, as follows: "As a recent arrival from the Old Country I was very pleased to be greeted with the familiar 'ASPRO' packet when I stepped ashore at Fremantle. My brother-in-law and his wife first recommended 'ASPRO' to us many years ago in England since when my husband and I have always received marvellous relief, when treating colds and 'flu with 'ASPRO'."



Mrs. B. WEST, formerly of England, and now of Rathay St., Victoria Park, W.A.

Act with 'ASPRO' at first sign of a cold

Sneezes, shiveriness, aching joints feverishness — whatever warning you get that a cold is coming on, take 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets straight away and 2 tablets every 2 hours until the trouble clears.



'ASPRO' and a HOT LEMON DRINK

If your cold has really got a hold, take 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot, stimulating drink on retiring. Keep well covered and you'll get the full benefit of the skin action that 'ASPRO' promotes.



'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Three 'ASPRO' tablets in water make an excellent gargle for sore throats or tonsillitis. Another effective method of soothing a sore throat is to crush the tablets and take with honey.



'ASPRO'

**Swift, Certain
SAFE relief for**

COLDS	FLU	SORE THROAT
SCIATICA		IRRITABILITY
LUMBAGO		NEURALGIA
NEURITIS		HEADACHE
SLEEPLESSNESS		NERVE PAINS
TEMPERATURE		TOOTHACHE
FEVERISHNESS		RHEUMATIC PAINS

A9/49

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Nicholas Product

Singapore Sadie

By ...
A. E. YARRA

*It was wonderful to see how
loyally he defended her, and
how lovingly she gazed at him.*

equipped as a retired marine engineer
and his wife should be.

The gold dredging and sluicing
boom on Rocky River was just com-
mencing, and their immediate object
was to rob the bank of as much of
the gold from the dredging and sluicing
claims as possible, when convenient, and
get away without being suspected. For this
they had rehearsed their parts carefully for
a month.

They pulled up the car on the esplanade
in front of the Hotel Riverview, which
they had visited a month before—spying
out the land.

Almost before they had tipped the yard-
man for opening the gate the proprietor
and his wife were telling them they had
reserved a room for them, opening on the
balcony, and giving them the benefit
through their windows of the view across
the valley.

Mrs. Sanderson would be able to write
her book in quiet, as a beautiful little desk
had been put near the window, where she
would get the benefit of the light in the
daytime.

You can imagine the flutter a wealthy
retired ship's engineer and his beautiful
novelist wife made among the boarders and
tourists in a little town fifty miles from the
railway, right off the track of everything
except gold-mining interests. It was a
peaceful little town, just becoming
known to the outside world for its
bracing air and surrounding scenery.

From the local bank-manager and
his wife, Sanderson learned in half an
hour in the lounge-room that the store-
keeper, another boarder, had spent a

fortune in outfitting two dredges of a new, super-
strong make.

The storekeeper planned to work up the gorge and
retrieve the fine gold which, according to his theory,
had been washed down from the steep sides of the
mountains into the river, and held under the swift
current in riffles and crevices, and the hollows under
boulders, for countless years.

It was there, said the storekeeper, in bucketfuls,
waiting for a man with brains and pluck to put his
money into the right kind of dredge. He was expecting
a big wash-up any day.

Mrs. Sanderson, who was talking to the vicar's wife,
raised her head and exclaimed with delight at the
storekeeper's suggestion.

She wondered if something like that would make
a splendid chapter for a book—perhaps the back-
ground for a whole novel. Could she see it?

They piled into two cars, drove up the river, and
were shown aboard the No. 1 dredge by the boss.

Sanderson's knowledge of engineering, and Mrs.
Sanderson's plans to put the dredges into a book, made
such an impression that they received a hearty invita-
tion to visit the boss of the dredge at his home, and
meet his wife.

Though Mrs. Sanderson was no novelist, her hus-
band had been a good marine engineer in the days
before he got stranded on the beach at Singapore; fell
in with Li Sung, through his agent, Sadie; went into the
burglary business; married Sadie; and started piling
up a quick and easy fortune.

He was able to gain the complete confidence of the
dredge boss, and glean from him from day to day the
latest information about the returns from the wash-ups
on the dredges and in the sluicing claims. He learned
that gold was immediately deposited in the bank, and
sent to the railway by the mail car.

During the next few weeks, the Sandersons had
time to do a little fishing, for fish, as well as for
information, and almost every fine day they brought
home good catches to delight the appetites of their

friends. Soon they had woven about
themselves an atmosphere of pros-
perity, romance, and respectability
that was proof against any suspicion.

Among other things, they learned
that the bank had no strongroom,
and relied on an old-fashioned safe
with a combination lock, which made
Jimmy Sanderson smile behind his
hand when the bank-manager sang
its praises as a safeguard against
burglars.

Please turn to page 4

DON'T believe those pessimists who tell
you that a woman can't have both beauty
and brains. Look at Marion, who has
Irish beauty—almost black hair and deep
blue eyes—and is at the top of her pro-
fession as investigation agent for Burglary Insurance,
Limited.

And then take Singapore Sadie, the smartest woman
burglar on our records. She was absolutely exotic—
daughter of a cashiered English colonel and Sydney
confidence man, reared in the very best criminal
society, and making a fortune at it fast, and safely.

For nearly ten years the police were following their
noises without even getting a scent of her, and she and
her husband left behind them a trail of compensation
claims on Burglary Insurance, Ltd., that set the
directors hopping mad in their board room every time
a claim for compensation came in.

Sadie was a brown-eyed brunette, with the figure of
the Venus de Milo, plus a pair of arms that were
temptation in themselves.

And as for brains with beauty! The Battle of Beef-
wood, Singapore Sadie versus Marion and the police,
with the gold from Beefwood as the stake, was proof
enough for that.

For that job, Sadie and her pupil were Mr. and
Mrs. James Sanderson.

But I'd better start the yarn right at the beginning,
from my notes on the case.

This Mr. and Mrs. James Sanderson arrived at
Beefwood in a smart little sedan car, dressed and

For the well-groomed look—
choose an

Adelyn

You will look your smartest
in an Adelyn, because
of the Adelyn cut,
Adelyn fit, and
Adelyn finish.



FROM LEADING FASHION STORES

THE Sandersons found out that the gold from the claims was stored in strong canvas bags, with steel bands about the necks, and padlocks, then locked in strong steel boxes.

There had never been a bank robbed or a claim ravished in the history of gold-getting on Rocky River or the hills behind it. The Beefwood export was gold and honest men. One solitary policeman was in charge of the station.

Sadie said it made her feel low, like taking a penny from a child, but Sanderson said somebody had to take it, and Beefwood needed a lesson. The way they ran their business was a scandalous temptation to the young to embark on a career of crime.

They were in a game of bridge in the private lounge of the Riverview, upstairs, when the storekeeper, flushed with success, told them that his No. 1 dredge had washed up on Friday afternoon nine hundred ounces of fine gold, and No. 2, on the same day, had yielded seven hundred and fifty ounces. This was for a week's work, he said, and rubbed his hands.

The bank-manager exulted as he remarked that this was the biggest single consignment his safe had held yet, and he proposed to send the policeman on the mail car with it in the morning.

Sadie, serving hot tea and toast for supper from a tray, caught her cue from her husband's eye, and presently retired to her room to get a fresh handkerchief.

When she returned she slipped a mild sleeping draught into the teapot, unobserved, and pressed everybody to more tea, except her husband, who never took tea because he anticipated just this development in his scheme of things.

At midnight, when everybody was sound asleep, Jimmy went downstairs and fed the yard dog a drugged steak.

Then he went to the boot of his car, and, from a hidden steel compartment his engineering skill had made possible at the back of the boot, he took his steel suitcase, covered with leather, containing his kit of burglar's tools and skeleton keys.

Ten minutes later he and Sadie were inside the manager's private room at the back of the banking chamber, and in a very short while after that, by the light of hooded torches, Jimmy had opened the old-fashioned combination-lock safe of which the bank-manager was so proud.

"It makes me feel low," Sadie said to Jimmy, as they prepared to lug about 140lb. of gold in two small steel, leather-covered dispatch cases along a block of the Esplanade to the pub, keeping to the shadows of the plane trees. "The poor innocents. It's just too easy."

With tools and materials from Jimmy's secret tool-box and a pair of gold scales, they unlocked the gold bags, emptied them into their own; replaced the gold with the exact weight and bulk of river sand and a top of brass filings; clipped the steel bands and locks; and resealed them.

They made another trip to the bank well before dawn to deposit the dummies in their steel boxes and lock the safe with its old-fashioned combination lock.

The switch was complete, and there wasn't a single clue or a chance of one.

After a last look round the bank to see that nothing was left behind, except the drawer full of notes, which would have been a clue otherwise, they staggered out with their two little leather-covered dispatch cases, and were back in their room long before the first rooster crowed.

It was a slick job, worthy of Singapore Sadie, the pupil of Li

Singapore Sadie

Continued from page 3

Sung, and a man who had been the smartest mechanic in his class when serving his time in his profession as a ship's engineer.

"About six weeks and we'll be in the clear," Sadie said, as they turned in for the night. "We'll be needing to move on to get more local color for that novel of mine by that time."

This was Friday night. The mail went to the railhead on Saturday morning. And the bank closed for the week-end at noon.

We got our first hint of how matters stood when I was having morning tea with Marion in my office at the headquarters of Burglary Insurance, Limited.

Sandy blew in and told us the directors had blown up. There wasn't a clue, he said.

The gold had been sealed in steel boxes as usual, shipped in the regular mail car, with a policeman beside the driver, and the policeman had travelled down in the guard's van with the gold, sitting on the big box in which it was locked.

"You've got to retrieve that gold," he said. "Get the burglars if you can, but the gold, anyway."

Marion pushed away her morning tea things.

"You'll have to leave Mary Ann behind" (that's me), Sandy said. "She hasn't finished her notes on the Morrison case. The directors want that report in the morning. Take Miss Biggs."

Of course, my heart fell down the well at that, but Marion said to

"The average man is a decent enough fellow, but when people get together they almost always behave abominably."

—Dean Inge.

Sandy, quite coolly: "Don't be silly. You know I need Mary Ann. The directors can wait."

So we went to Beefwood by car. We put up at the Riverview.

We had the usual instructions to give Detective-Sergeant Smith and his men, who had flown up the day before, every possible co-operation, and all the credit, and to keep ourselves strictly incog. and in the shadows.

We'd worked with Smithy before, and got on with him like a haystack on fire.

Marion booked us in as a school-teacher and her young sister, on a holiday, seeking a rest from the city.

When we met Smithy on the sly there wasn't a clue, after three days' work; not a finger print, or a dropped word, or a schoolchild that had heard a noise or seen a shadow through the window. Not a clue.

"Wrong, Smithy," said Marion. "There must be a clue, dozens of 'em. Like a paper chase. You come round to the pub to-morrow and put everyone through the mill, us included. Do it in a lump, so we can watch their reactions. There'll be clues galore, jumping up all over the place."

Smithy and his men were cracker-jacks, so when they said there was nobody within 20 miles of the bank who could have done the job we knew it was so.

There was only one hotel, and the guest houses were full of people who had been born and bred in Beefwood, and were an innocent as Marion and me.

So we looked the hotel over carefully, and the only strangers were Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson, two sleek, quiet, well-behaved, polite people in whose mouths butter wouldn't melt. We might as well have sus-

pected a bishop.

But it had to be somebody, and there was nobody else.

And then Sadie fell down the front step off the porch of the entrance and skinned her knees. When she got up her flow of language dispelled the carefully built up impression of a perfect lady.

Before she went further she shot a swift look up at the balcony, but I was keeping well behind the venetian blind while getting a full view through the slats, so she didn't see me.

I told Marion, and she patted me on the head.

"The perfect lady novelist," she said. "Woof, woof, woof!"

It was a nice, friendly chat Smithy had with all hands at the hotel, over afternoon tea, with all the guests present, including the bank-manager and the storekeeper and their women folk.

The staff were interviewed separately. But all that came out of it was the tears of the publican's wife when she told Smithy she was so upset over the death of Larry that she really couldn't remember much about anything else.

Larry, it seemed, was the yard dog at the hotel, and he had been ill since the night before the gold was shipped. The poor fellow had lingered a few days, and then died. She'd reared him from a pup.

Marion took a lively interest in the conversation, and discovered that all hands had gone to bed the night before the gold was shipped without the usual game of after-supper cards.

This came out of the publican's positive assurance that the dog was all right when he tied him up before going to bed early.

Before he departed, Marion, unseen, slipped Smithy word to dig up the dog and find out what caused his death. In our room that night Marion said to me: "Mistake number one. What is it?"

"Somebody poisoned the dog," I said.

"Perhaps," said Marion. "Why?" "Because somebody was living on the premises and didn't want to wake up the dog in the middle of the night. But why didn't they go out the front door?"

"Because the car was in the garage and the garage was in the yard," Marion said. "Perhaps. And the dog would have barked. Why did somebody poison the dog so nobody would know he was wanting something with his car?"

"That was mistake number two," I said. "He didn't mean to give the dog an overdose. Just enough to send him to sleep while he did the job at the bank."

"Perhaps," Marion conceded. "But why use a car when the bank is only a couple of hundred yards away? Unless he kept his tools in the car."

So, while Smithy was waiting for the vet. to give us the cause of the dog's death, Marion got him to make a check on the last few years of Jimmy Sanderson's career at sea.

A code message came back within twenty-four hours stating that he was without blemish, except that in a fight at Singapore five years ago he had half-killed a stoker, and the ship had left him in gaol there awaiting trial. Six months he got, for causing grievous bodily harm, and he had never gone to sea as an engineer since. That was the last heard of him in shipping circles. It was thought that he died in Malaya of jungle fever.

That night, after getting the name of the drug, an overdose of which had killed the dog, we engaged all hands in conversation about travel and its delights.

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NELL woke up suddenly—hearing a movement in Peggy's room and a small breathless voice: "Mummy?"

She slipped out of bed and crept quietly to the door. "Your night-light blown out, darling?"

It was the work of a moment to relight the small, encouraging flicker, open a different window so that the draught could not extinguish it again, and tuck in her youngest with a kiss.

"All right now, sweetheart?"

"Yes, thank you, Mummy."

For a second, Nell hesitated. How well she remembered the horrors of her own childhood's fear of the dark. Yet the doctor had advised no fussing, just a night-light and an open door.

Peggy had always been something of a problem. When she was three her legs had begun to grow crooked, and after twelve months on her back she had had to wear irons for two more years, and even now still report to the clinic every three months. Yet she had always been such a good, patient child.

Perhaps these inner fears were a sort of outlet for the conflicting emotions that must have tormented her. The dark—a thunderstorm—even a kitten had the power to make her turn white and set her trembling.

"G'night, Mummy . . ." Peggy's voice sounded sleeper.

Tip-toeing back into her own bedroom, Nell stubbed her bare toes on one of her husband's shoes. It hurt badly and quick tears sprang to her eyes—but, even worse, it awakened him.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"I fell over your shoe . . ."

"I suppose you've been fussing over that child again? Time she grew out of this nonsense. Bad enough having to keep our door open—you know how a draught starts off my lumbago, but, of course, that doesn't matter."

Nell took a deep breath. "The doctor said . . ."

"I know . . . I know . . . and the doctor is always right . . ." Peter turned over noisily and in a few seconds his deep, regular breathing filled the room.

Nell lay still and unhappy. What was the matter with Peter these days? Once upon a time he'd have been the one to leap out of bed if one of the children cried. Now he was always grumbling about them.

She was suddenly frightened. It was no longer just a few trivial disagreements these days. There were perpetual quarrels. Every day they had words about something.

Take yesterday. Peter had been angry with Dick for leaving the saw out in the rain. It was careless of Dick, but he had been sawing when she had called him to go to the shops, and when he came back it was time to change for Scouts.

She had tried to explain all this, but Peter had turned on her instead, accusing her of always siding with the children.

The stupid tears returned at the memory. What mother could help but make excuses for her children?

Then Julie . . . Julie was nineteen and very pretty. That was why Nell had been so relieved when Rod had come on the scene—a nice boy, with a good job. It really hadn't been his fault that the car had broken down last night. Nell was sure of it.

But it had been three o'clock before Rod delivered Julie to the bosom of her family, and by that time Peter had been pacing the floor, threatening to horsewhip "the puppy."

Julie had blounced off to bed in tears, and Rod had sidled out, shame-faced and hurt, to the car. She had done her best to remind Peter that they, themselves, in their courting days, had been late several times through missing the last bus.

But Peter had not listened, said it was hard luck if a man couldn't count on loyalty from his wife, and gone to bed without saying good-night.

Nell buried her face in her pillow. Was Peter right? Were the children ungrateful hooligans . . . or was he acting most unreasonably? If only they could have a day without these incessant rows. She drew a long breath and closed her eyes determinedly. Things always looked worse at night. Perhaps tomorrow . . .

Alas for optimistic hopes. Nell opened her eyes to find Peter roughly shaking her.

"For heaven's sake, Nell, look at the time . . ."

Still half-asleep, she scrambled up, gasping a little at the sight of the clock, jerked on



THEY NEVER COME SINGLY

her housecoat, and hurried to call the children. Julie's long, honey-colored bob was spreadeagled on the pillow and her face serene, but as she opened her eyes her mother saw in them memory of the previous night's scene.

"Get up quickly, Julie . . . I've overslept . . ."

Dick, in his turn, looked dismayed.

"Gosh, Mums, and you promised to call me early. I haven't done all my homework."

"How many times have I said, Nell, that that boy is not to go out in the evening until he has done all his work?" Peter stood in the doorway, one side of his face still lathered, his razor in hand.

Nell stared at him, running the tip of her tongue over her mouth. "I know, Peter, but last night . . ."

"Always some excuse . . ." He turned to the bathroom. The next second he let out a yell of fury. "I'm in there, Julie . . ." Nell could hear him hammering on the closed door.

"I won't be a moment, Dad," Julie called.

"I'm shaving . . ."

"I'll miss my train . . ." Julie's voice was drowned in a rushing sound of water.

"I suppose it doesn't matter if I'm late at the office . . ." her father began.

The bathroom door burst open and Julie emerged, face defiant.

"Peter . . ." Nell said hastily. He glared at her and vanished into the bathroom, slamming the door.

Julie pouted. "If we did that . . ."

"Now, Julie, that's not the way to talk about your father . . ." Nell began, but her words trailed away. She almost ran to the kitchen, her hand shaking as she measured out milk for coffee. Oh, why had the day to start like this?

Peggy was first ready, slipping quietly into her chair, her pointed little face bent absently over her plate of porridge. Peter came next, jerking open the paper and propping it up against the vase of flowers in the centre of the table.

Nell's heart seemed to skip a beat as Dick sidled into his chair, trying not to attract attention. Alas, his great hands, shooting out of his out-grown jacket, knocked over a salt-cellar, and his father glanced up.

"Dick, your hair is a disgrace. Go and brush it properly."

Dick, a full inch taller than his father, stood up, his young face red. His mouth trembled, but, somehow, Nell intercepted his look, and her eyes pleaded. Mumbling some-

thing, he went to his room, to return in a few moments with his hair snarled down thickly with brillantine.

His father glanced up, and Nell held her breath as their eyes spured, then with a half-smothered snort Peter returned to his paper and Nell sat down to begin her own breakfast, her knees shaking.

Julie looked in briefly. "Bye, Mummy, I may be late."

Peter looked up. "You've not had any breakfast."

"I don't want any." She disappeared before he could say anything.

He looked at Nell. "Why don't you make her eat a decent meal in the morning? She has sandwiches for lunch. I suppose she's slimming."

"She doesn't need to," Nell smiled at him, smoothing her own hips self-consciously. How they had put on inches these past few months!

It was as though he read her thoughts, "You might try it," he said as he stood up.

It was as though he had struck her. She could only gaze at him.

Peggy slipped out of her chair, only to be brought to a standstill by her father's voice.

"You haven't finished your milk."

She looked at him. "Need I, Daddy? It tastes horrid."

He lifted the mug and sniffed it. "Nothing the matter with it. All these fads and foibles. Drink it up."

"Oh, Daddy." Her voice died away. Silently she drained the contents, put the mug on the table, and burst into tears.

Peter looked round the room disgustedly. "I ask you. Nine years old and . . ." He walked out of the room, his back expressive.

Nell followed him, fighting the impulse to stay with the weeping Peggy. In the hall, she handed him his hat, dutifully lifted her cheek for his kiss, and watched him walk the path.

"I hate you, I hate you. Oh, heavens, how I hate you sometimes."

She had said the words to herself before she realised it, and then looked round terrified lest she had said them aloud. But she could not have done, for Dick was there, pulling on his hat, grinning at her sheepishly.

"Dad got a liver?"

"I don't know, Dick. I expect he's worried about something and it was an awful morning." She tried to smile. "We must be very trying sometimes."

He gave her a quizzical look. "You can't help making excuses, can you?" He walked off before she could recover her breath.

Defiantly, Julie dashed past her father. Nell wondered what would go wrong next.



And then she began to laugh—he had used his father's voice, his father's expressions. She felt better as she went indoors. Maybe Dick was right and Peter had a liver or something.

After Peggy had walked sedately down the road to school, her pale cheeks, if anything, paler than usual, Nell sat down and drank a fresh cup of coffee.

What was the matter with them all? Why, in the past few months, had everything seemed to go wrong? It could not all be Peter's doing. Family quarrels meant that everyone was at fault.

Was she, perhaps, lax and foolish about the children? Did they, as he thought, need more firmness and discipline? He might be right, but did he always need to get so out of temper and angry?

Angry. That was the keynote to the whole trouble. Peter got so angry and over such small things. Well, there must be a reason.

Clearing the table, stacking the dirty dishes, moving automatically about her work, Nell tried to find the reason.

Was it at his work? Peter loathed the general manager, his immediate superior, a man called Carter. Fat and pompous like a white slug.

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TOO late CORDELIA SANDYS BROWN learns that the report of her husband SIMON'S death was a mistake. Her life, meanwhile, has been disrupted by a series of unexpected events.

Purely from sympathy she marries FRED HART, then is left wealthy when he is killed in an accident. She plans to buy Simon's old home, Cheridon Court, but by a misunderstanding is engaged as cook by Simon's sister, EVELYN SANDYS-BROWN, who resented his marriage and refused to meet his wife.

She makes friends with various local people, including JOE COBDEN and STUBBS, a small boy who persuades her to buy an old horse; then is astounded to learn from AUNT HARRIET that Simon is still alive.

But, according to gossip, he is in love with DOLORES, and Cordelia fears that in any case he will not forgive her remarriage. She changes her appearance and Simon fails to recognise her.

She is further downcast to see that he is very attentive to Dolores at a dinner-party given by Evelyn, but next day she hears him quarrelling with Evelyn about going to visit her. He leaves the house in a temper.

Now read on:—

Simon's Wife

CORDELIA heard Evelyn's footsteps drag across the hall, and the drawing-room door was flung open.

"What are you doing in here?" she demanded, her voice breaking with anger.

"As it's such a wet day and I can't go out, I thought I would tidy up in here," Cordelia replied evenly.

"If I'd wished you to tidy the room I should have told you," said Evelyn furiously. "Kindly return to your own quarters."

"Certainly," said Cordelia, and picking up the cleaning materials she had brought with her she walked to the door. "Since I am in," she said, pausing on the threshold, "would you like me to get tea for you?"

"No," said Evelyn. "I should not."

Poor woman, thought Cordelia, as she went back to the kitchen. She was so lonely and frustrated, and, if it were her own fault, that did not make the suffering she caused herself less intense. And poor Simon!

Naturally he wanted to run his own life in his own way. He did not want his feeling for Dolores to be turned into a pale pink affair of afternoon teas, with everyone watching to see how it was progressing. Why did people try to force those they love into their own narrow way of living?

Putting away the dustpan and cleaning cloths, Cordelia went upstairs to her room and, finding her writing case, she seated herself on the wicker armchair and took up her pen to write and tell Mr. Betts that she would not be buying the Court.

She could not remember the name of the estate agency nor its number in Piccadilly, and laid the letter aside to address later. Putting away her writing materials, she went back to the kitchen to make herself some tea.

Evelyn had already been there, for the kettle was lukewarm and almost empty, and tea-leaves were scattered

over the table where she had been filling the teapot.

Still it rained, making little islands of the cobblestones in the stable yard, dripping from the eaves, falling in great splashes from a broken gutter over the stable door.

The cat had been sleeping, curled up snugly by the stove. He came purring to meet Cordelia as she came in, and after she had filled the kettle she picked him up, rubbing his round head with her chin, as she stood looking out of the window waiting for the water to boil.

As she stood there, the back gate opened and Joe Cobden appeared. The waterproof cape that he wore was soaked a dark brown with the rain, his head was bare, and the hair on it looked like a shiny oil-skin cap.

Cordelia drew back from the window as he crossed the yard. But presently a loud knock came at the door, and moving to it she opened it.

"I thought I'd find you in on a day like this," he said. "Mind if I come in?"

"No," she said doubtfully.

"Thank you, Ma'am," he said meekly, and standing on the doorstep he took off his cape and shook it, sending a spatter of rain-drops dancing down on to the stones.

"I'll take off my boots," he said, "if you don't mind my socks."

"That's all right," said Cordelia, wondering why he had come.

He tugged off the great rubber waders that he wore, and, dropping them by the mat, padded across the flagstones to the fire.

Cordelia shut the door and, putting down the cat, went back to the table.

"Would you care for a cup of tea?" she asked.

"Well, now, that would be nice," he replied, "but I don't want to put you to any trouble."

"I was just going to make some for myself," she said, and continued with her preparations.

When she had given him his tea, he was silent for a moment.

"You'll be wondering why I called," he said at last, and went on before she could answer him.

"Well, I've come to apologise. I had one of my restless fits last Sunday, but I shouldn't have spoken to you like I did. If I'd been on my own, I'd have packed up and gone right off, but because I couldn't go and leave the old

man I felt mad with myself and everyone else. But I'm really sorry I spoke to you like that."

"It's quite all right," Cordelia assured him. "I understand, Mr. Cobden."

"Call me Joe," he said, "then I'll know I'm forgiven."

"There's nothing to forgive," she said. "I know just how you felt. I feel like that sometimes."

"You do!" he said. "Would you go off without thinking to the devil knows where?"

"That's just what I did do once," she said sadly.

"You did!" he said. "Well, now, I never knew women felt like that ever."

Suddenly he leant forward and put one of his large brown hands over hers, imprisoning it against the tablecloth. "I've an idea . . ." he began; but before he could finish the sentence the back door was thrust open and Simon stood there on the doorstep, dripping with rain.

Cordelia sprang up, but Joe rose with her, still grasping her wrist. She stood for a moment staring guiltily at Simon, then pulled hastily away.

"Oh," she said foolishly, "you are wet."

"I am," agreed Simon. "That's why I've come in the back way. Do you mind?"

"No, of course not," stammered Cordelia, sitting down abruptly.

Guiltily, Cordelia stood staring at Simon, Joe's hand still clasping her wrist.

"You must take off your wet things or you'll catch cold."

"My coat has kept off most of the rain," he said, removing his dark overcoat and hanging it over the back of a chair. "Could you spare me a cup of tea, too?"

"Well," said Cordelia, trying to force her voice into the natural tones of an uninterested housekeeper, "your sister has tea in the morning-room."

"I'd rather have a cup here," he replied. "It's warmer by the fire. Surely you know that we don't have fires in the front of the house between May and October, even if it snows!"

Fetching a cup and saucer from the dresser, he brought it to the table, standing beside her like a child waiting to be helped.

"You'd better take off your jacket, too, and your shoes," she said, as she poured out a cup of tea, trying vainly to control the shaking of her hand.

"Very well, I will," he said obediently, and, having removed them, he seated himself on her other side in his shirt sleeves and socked feet.

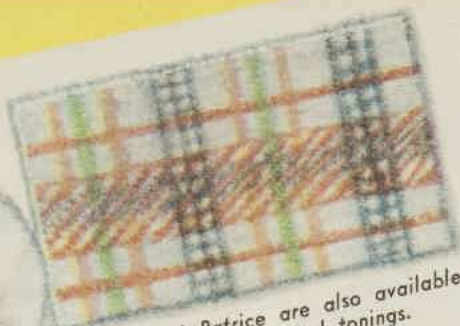
Her heart was pounding at his nearness, sending new life into the deadness of her mind with such strength that she felt as if she had been drinking strong wine. Careful, Cordelia, careful, she warned herself as she put three lumps of sugar into his cup and handed it to him.

Please turn to page 32



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JUST FOR FUN

IT was a warm evening in late spring and the windows of the flat were open to the many sounds of the street, but the girl, standing in the centre of the sitting-room and nervously twisting a plain gold band around her third finger, heard only two sounds.

One was the convulsive throb of the lift starting to descend in the corridor outside, and the other was the single chime of the mantel clock as its hands marked seven-thirty.

For an instant she remained motionless, her eyes directed towards the clock's dial. It was a pretty clock, all gold and ivory. It was, in fact, a very pretty room, spacious and high-ceilinged. The furniture was graceful, and wherever one looked there was a combination of comfort and taste.

The books lining the whole of one wall had the appearance of having been read, and the open hearth the air of having cradled many a hospitable fire. It was a room which had been made warm by much living and much love.

There was a large, silver-framed photograph on the mantelpiece, and the girl went slowly towards it and stood gazing meditatively at the handsome and grave face of a dark-moustached young man wearing the uniform of a naval lieutenant.

Her hand went out and touched the photograph, then finally lifted it. For a moment she glanced around the room as if seeking a place of concealment.

But in the end she returned the photograph to its original position. Sighing, she turned towards the hall. But the sigh she uttered was not of sadness. It spoke rather of a certain definitiveness, of a chapter closed and a story done. Or another story beginning.

In the hall she moved briskly and with assurance. To her left was a small dining-room, and passing through it she found herself in the kitchen. She groped for the switch, flicked it, and was confronted by gleaming white walls and stainless steel.

A dream kitchen, surely, with not even the tell-tale aroma of to-night's dinner to spoil the dream. But the plate of little cakes standing invitingly on the white-enamelled table was no dream. Reaching down, the girl picked one up and munched it.

From the kitchen she went out into the hall again, and from there to the nursery. She had left the



"The time comes when a man wants more than 'just fun,' Dorothy," George said seriously.

desertion about it, and which now took on a nervous expectancy. Both the girl and the flat became illumined, and gay.

Except for the nursery, which remained a shadowy pink, lights went on everywhere.

Wearing the chartreuse housecoat, and with her face freshly made up, the girl moved busily and efficiently about the kitchen, taking a bottle of grapefruit juice from a cupboard, arranging ice cubes in a cut-glass jar and adding water.

She placed bottle, jug, and two tall glasses on a tray, and carried them through into the sitting-room to the low table in front of the sofa.

Her next move was to go into the hall, where she opened the door of the cupboard and, reaching up to the hat shelf, took down a narrow oblong package wrapped in brown paper and tied with a string. This she brought back into the living-room, undoing the string and removing the paper as she walked.

From a corrugated cardboard box she lifted out a full, and, as yet, unopened bottle of whisky and, after ripping off the lead foil around its top, put it on the tray on the low table. She tossed the wrappings into the wastepaper basket.

Her preparations finished, she seated herself on the sofa, but almost immediately she got up and began to pace up and down the room.

The gold-and-ivory clock on the mantel struck nine. She heard the lift door opening, and, an instant later, the sound of the doorbell. She waited a moment, a full moment, and then took a deep breath and went towards the door.

The man standing in the corridor was young, fair, blue-eyed and full-lipped, and her first gesture after she had opened the door was to extend both of her hands welcomingly towards his and to cry, "George, how wonderful to see you!"

His reply was somewhat more guarded. He was a highly personable young man, well-groomed and well-tailored, but at the moment he seemed to be distinctly ill at ease.

Please turn to page 39

door partly open, and now she entered the room softly. A small rose-shaded night-light burned in one corner, on top of the ivory chest-of-drawers, and the crib stood in the opposite corner, against the wall.

The girl paused by it, looking down and smiling. A dark fuzz of hair lay against the white-frilled pillows, and beneath it was a profiled roundness of cream and pink, bounded by blue blankets. He slept. Mr. Timothy Ryder, Jun., slept.

"Hallo, Tim," whispered the girl, leaning over the rail of the crib. "Hallo, Timmy. My baby, my baby, my baby."

The door leading into the adjoining room was open also, and from beyond it now sounded the muffled burr of a telephone ringing. With a final glance towards the crib the girl went towards the sound. The telephone stood on a night-table beside the oversized bed.

The girl lifted the receiver. "Hallo?" she said.

"Mrs. Ryder, please," said a voice, a once familiar voice.

"George?" said the girl, and her tone was suddenly light and filled with a thousand secret excitements and enchantments. "Is that you, George? Are you really in town? Are you really here?"

"Oh," he said, with a trace of embarrassment, "I didn't recognise your voice. Yes, I'm here. I'm at the hotel. Just got in."

"Well, come along at once. I've been waiting and waiting."

There was a small silence at the other end of the line.

"Look, Dorothy," said the voice,

"when I wired you I was coming I had no idea you were married. I mean, I wouldn't have bothered you if I'd known that—"

"Wouldn't have bothered me?" The girl's tone was a mingling of tender reproach and indignation.

"Why, George, I'd never have forgiven you if you'd passed through without looking me up. Now stop being silly and get in a taxi and come along here at once."

"But are you sure it'll be—all right?"

"All right? What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean, how about—your husband?"

"Tim? Oh, George, don't be so difficult. As it happens, Tim isn't

here, unfortunately—if that's what's worrying you. He had to go away for a few days. But even if he were here I'd want you to come, anyway. I want to see you. I told you when I wired you back that I wanted to see you. And you've simply got to see the baby."

"Well..."

There was spirit in the girl's voice now, spirit and a light sarcasm. "Unless, of course, it would be too dull for a gay young blade like you to sit around and reminisce with an old married woman. I don't want to bore you."

"Now, Dorothy, please. You know I..."

She spoke persuasively, and as if to end the discussion. "Enough of this nonsense, George—you ought to be too grown-up for it. Now just get a move on. It's Cadogan Flats,

the third floor, and all you have to do is get into the lift and push the button, and I'll be at the door to meet you."

"All right," he said finally, though with no great enthusiasm. "I'll come."

"That's right."

Replacing the phone in its cradle, the girl glanced around the room. It was a large room, white, light, and airy. Only one small lump was burning, and now she turned on two others, pink-shaded lamps which flanked the dressing-table.

She looked at herself in the dressing-table mirror. Then, turning, she went towards a mirrored door and looked at herself full-length.

She was wearing a black dress of a kind which could have been called serviceable, though not much more than that. Directing her gaze on the dress rather than

on her face, she frowned slightly.

Then she placed her hand on the knob and opened the door. A row of dresses on their hangers met her eyes—a rainbow wall. She tentatively fingered a blue one, a sequined one, and finally settled on one of chartreuse color.

Lifting it from its hanger, she held it up against herself, and, looking into the mirror, nodded approvingly. It was a housecoat, long, faintly formal, and definitely expensive.

"You'll do," she murmured, and her words might have had reference either to the housecoat or to herself or to both together.

Within the next half-hour several things happened, all of them minor yet all important.

The girl was transformed, and so, in a sense, was the flat, which before had had an air of loneliness and

By RICHARD SHERMAN



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William E. Pidgeon

Versatile genius of paint, pen, and brush

By KEITH DALGLEISH, staff artist

DURING recent years artists have tended to consult their intellect rather than their instinct for the general principles of their work. In painting, more and more importance is being attached to design. Some painters even attempt to reduce it to an exact science.

The subject matter of modern art, with its symbols and abstractions, has lost touch with life. Photography has largely destroyed the will to draughtsmanship. Distortion of drawing and deliberate avoidance of skill in applying paint are signs of the rebellion against mechanical picture-making.

The art of WEP contrasts sharply with these tendencies. He stands almost alone in this country as a bold romantic.

He assaults his canvas with broad slashes in the fervor of a fresh idea—a strongly emotional idea, which he must record before it is cooled and dissipated by introspection. Where others paint meticulously, like weavers, thread by thread, WEP dyes his cloth in broad, deft strokes impelled by an urgency of much to do.

He is sure, unhesitant, resolute. The result in paint of such recklessness would be disaster if it were not for his enormous technical resources, his accomplished draughtsmanship, and his reliable instinct.

WEP paints life as he sees and feels it, rather than as his intellect deduces its wider implications. His figures are people, rich in character, living rather than symbolic; his landscapes, places, rich in mood and actuality rather than formal arrangements of trees, rocks, and mountains. His method of applying paint is rich in suggestions of his own personality.

Although his painting is vibrant with color, light, and pattern, his work is less notable for its decorative quality than for its expression of a powerful mind.

A WEP portrait is not like a psychiatrist's report, but is the expression in paint of a quick, perceptive intuition, extraordinarily sensitive to moods and broad optical impressions. That he must respond to the sitter—must find something stimulating in his subject in order to do his best—is in keeping with the romantic approach, although it may not always make for financial success in a professional portrait painter.

Although WEP's genius is largely natural it would be a mistake to assume that he woke up one morning to find that he could paint.

Few contemporary artists have worked harder or with more persistence. Few have endured more pains in labor, yet seldom has such effort left so little evidence on a painting technique notable for its apparent ease.

Augustus John has been described as: "A great man of action into whose hand the fairies placed a brush instead of a sword." In the whole field of Australian art there is scarcely a figure more suited to share this description than WEP.

His versatility itself is remarkable. He has achieved world recognition as a cartoonist, pre-eminence as a humorist and illustrator, and an important place in serious painting.

As a person he is unassuming and even shy by some social standards, and it is surprising that from this quiet demeanor should come works of such fierce power.

Possessed of a restless mind that ranges over a wide field of knowledge, and a craftsman's experimental curiosity, WEP is always open to new ideas, and, though his library is numerically dominated by cultural books, a peppering of divers subjects suggests the paths into which his inquiry has led.

When you go to WEP's home at Northwood, N.S.W., you are struck by the atmosphere of easy friendliness. WEP's wife, Jess, is a charming uninhibited person with a broad, sincere smile and a wry wit like WEP's. WEP junior subjects you to that direct scrutiny of children, and dropping the starch from your social behaviour you feel secure from all but your own pretensions.

Above the garage the studio, with glazed southern side overlooking a quiet upper section of Sydney Harbor, communicates with the house by an elevated catwalk; and it is a sign of WEP's resignation to the foibles of people that this walk has no drawbridge.

A man wary of absolute statements, WEP admits that Augustus John and the Impressionists have been his major influences in the past, but qualifies his admission by saying that there have been other influences.

A personality as strong as WEP's can borrow with a higher degree of impunity than most, for what he takes is transformed, becoming essentially WEP; and to be immune to influence would be stupid or vain.

Some might argue that as an illustrator WEP has been affected by commercial sickness, and, therefore, spoiled for so-called "fine art."

This criticism is based on an idea that the two fields are incompatible. Although it may be true in the extremes of each, there is a blending area where the difference is largely technical. The old masters were professional artists. Leonardo is reputed to have designed jelly-moulds for the Medicis' feasts.

WEP has never capitulated to commercialism. He always makes a compromise between the reasonable demands of his patron, the public, and his own integrity as a craftsman.

Because he has decided to devote more time to painting, I think his achievements in the next few years will come as a surprise to many. Of necessity,

he has not, as an illustrator, realised his full capabilities.

WEP was born in 1909 at Paddington, N.S.W., the son of a maker of stained glass windows. He says it was always assumed that he would do something with color and shapes for a living.

At sixteen he joined the "Sunday News" as a cadet artist. His uncle was the editor's dentist, and WEP cheerfully says he brought pressure to bear. After that he worked for several Sydney newspapers until he joined the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly at its inception.

He has had less formal art training than most of his contemporaries—a few months here and there at art school, and the rest from his own persistency and self discipline.

When Consolidated Press took over the Daily Telegraph, and later started the Sunday Telegraph, WEP became cartoonist. His wry wit, his insight into world and local news, and his magical characterisations have given his cartoons special qualities.

This week we have on our cover WEP in lighter vein commenting pictorially on Sydney's Easter Show.

Whether posterity will remember particularly his portraits, landscapes, humor, illustrations, or political comment, only posterity will know—but it is reasonably sure that he has an important place in the history of Australian art, at a time when his most serious work has scarcely begun.



WEP at work on a landscape. He wears the peaked baseball cap to shield his eyes in the strong light of his studio. His entry (reproduced opposite) in the Archibald Prize exhibition attracted very favorable comment.

Self portrait by WEP

ARCHIBALD PRIZE
ENTRY

WHEN the Archibald Prize exhibits are hung at the National Gallery, argument breaks out each year as to whether a portrait should bear a physical likeness to its sitter.

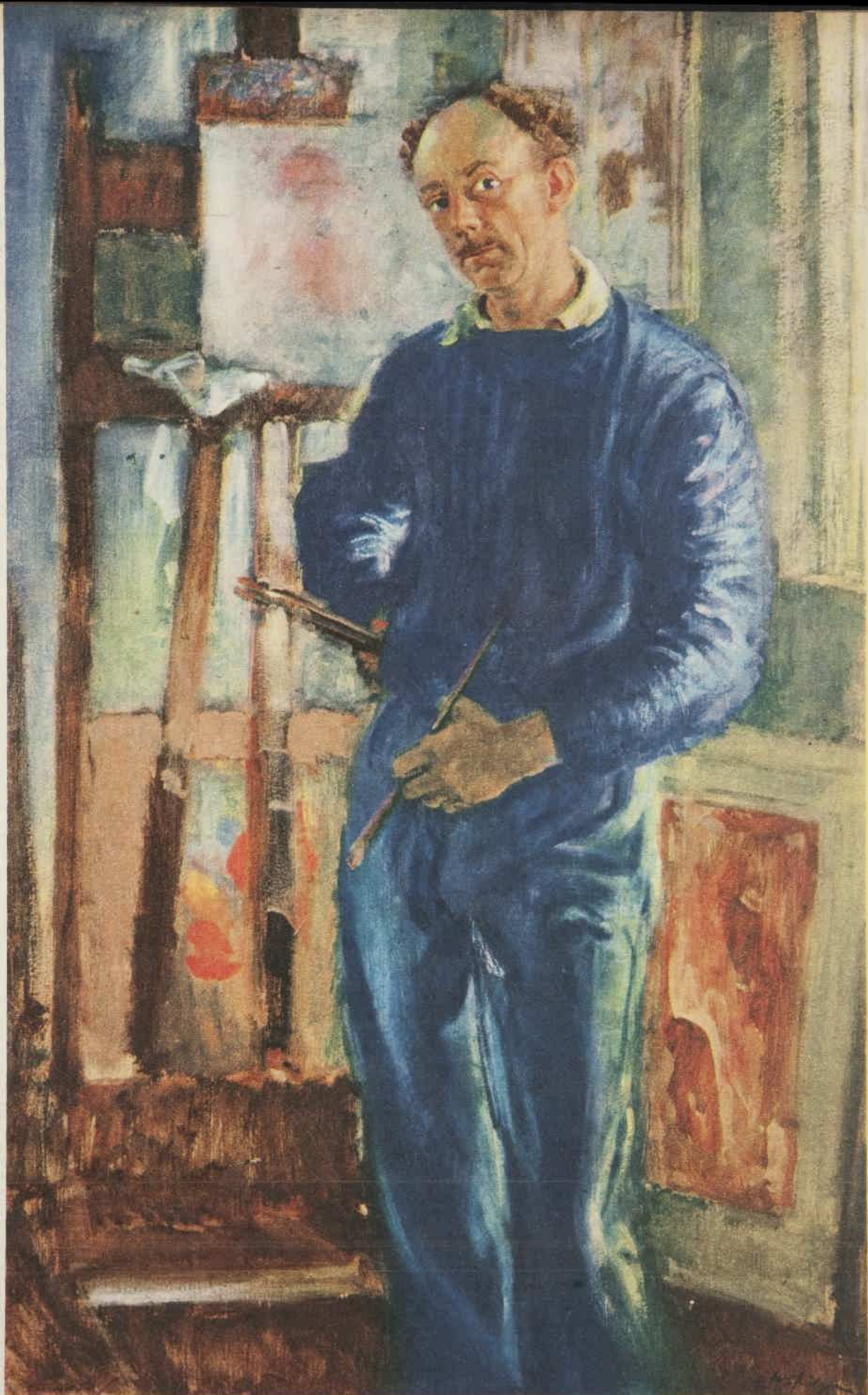
Some of the more radical artists declare that it need not. The features can be freely altered, they say, without any harm.

In this striking study of himself Wep shows that a portrait can be a "speaking likeness" and an excellent portrait as well.

The skilfully suggested background, devoid of distracting detail, throws dramatic emphasis on to Wep's own figure.

His use of blue—a difficult color on which to base a portrait—is masterly.

—Kenneth
Wilkinson



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Which Twin has the Toni? Did you guess—it's the twin on the right, attractive Sylvia Duncan of Rosebery, N.S.W. Her sister Gwyneth says, "Next time, we'll both have Toni's!"

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Teen-ager breaks records



FRECKLED Marlene Mathews, schoolgirl sprinter, who has beaten three Empire Games runners and broken one of Marjorie Jackson's records.



SCHOOLGIRL runner becomes a poised young lady when 15-year-old Marlene changes into her first long dress for a party and adds just a touch of orange lipstick.

At fifteen she has good chance of making Olympic team in '52

A freckle-faced 15-year-old schoolgirl is one of Australia's outstanding prospects for 1952 Olympic Games honors.

She is sensational sprinter Marlene Mathews, who, in an athletic carnival at Sydney Sports Ground, bettered two State records within five minutes and broke a record established by Empire champion Marjorie Jackson last year.

MARLENE is the present holder of the N.S.W. 50-yards sub-junior, the 75-yards junior, and the 100-yards junior titles. She has also won junior high jump, hurdling, and broad jump events.

In the 75-yards junior race she clipped one-tenth of a second off the record established by "The Lithgow Flash," Marjorie Jackson, last year.

Funky Marlene, a season ago, was getting autographs. Now she's signing them—in a careful schoolgirl hand.

Interviewed at her parents' home at Strathfield, Sydney, after school one day last week, Marlene was very much the schoolgirl, thinking about homework and keeping an eye on three younger sisters.

She had just come back from Concord Oval, where she trains every afternoon after school.

"I'm certainly ready for my dinner—I always am," she said. "Plenty of grills and vegetables for me."

She hugged the little sisters who came clustering round her, straightened Norma's hair, threw a ball for Carole Anne, pushed a schoolcase and two hockey sticks out of the way, linked her arm with her mother's,

and said, "That iced orange drink was good."

Marlene is tall (5 feet 6 inches) for her age, and weighs 9 stone 2 pounds. With her deep-red hair and mobile mouth, she looks like a young Katharine Hepburn.

Asked about her plans for the future, Marlene looked at the carpet, then said, "Helsinki. That's where the Olympic Games are to be held in 1952."

Proud parents

HER parents said in unison, "We'd be very proud!"

"Of course," Marlene said seriously, "that means no peanut bars, no coconut ice, no late nights, and keeping to a serious training programme."

"But," she added, her greenish-blue eyes lighting up with schoolgirl enthusiasm, "think of it! Gosh, wouldn't it be worth it!"

Every Saturday morning during the running season now, she has a late breakfast of steak and an egg at 9.30, and then an egg-flip an hour later. She has nothing else to drink from lunchtime on Friday until after the race on Saturday afternoon.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Mathews always watch Marlene run. Mr.

Mathews is an official of the Western Suburbs Club, to which both Marlene and Pamela (12) belong.

Now in her fourth year at Fort Street High School, Marlene passed in all the eight subjects she took for the Intermediate last year, and, as well, won a bursary.

From the time she was eight Marlene has every year won her age race at school. At Fort Street she has done the same, and last year she was school champion.

When "The Flying Dutchwoman" Fanny Blankers-Koen gave an exhibition at Orange, N.S.W., Marlene was invited to run against her. She came third.

"Then last year they asked me to go to Lithgow, Marjorie Jackson's home town," she said. "That was another thrill." Recalling it she blinked her auburn eyelashes, gulped, and said "Whee" on drawn-out breath. Marlene won a 100-yards handicap event there.

"Of course," she added cautiously, "that was a handicap. I have never beaten Marjorie."

She regards winning the junior 100-yards and junior 75-yards at the Sydney Sports Ground on March 4 as "her most important races," but she says the race she'll never forget was when she beat Olympic runner Shirley Strickland, and other Empire Games runners, for second place in the State women's 100-yards championship in February.

Asked who was her ideal runner, the freckle-faced schoolgirl replied immediately, "John Treloar."

Until her studies for the Intermediate became too heavy, Marlene took art and piano lessons.

She wanted to be an actress, or an artist, but was advised at school to be a physical training instructor, and that is what she has decided on.

Last year she started dressmaking, beginning with beach frocks. Now she makes all her own things.

On the advice of her trainer, Mr. J. Holborow, Marlene will play hockey on Saturday afternoons to keep in trim this winter. Ryde is the lucky club. The unlucky people will be centre forwards who find themselves opposing the red-haired Olympic hope.

CATCHING MARLENE is a popular game with little sisters. On an athletic ground it isn't so easy.



3 Smart Girls



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 1, 1950

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+ + +

● The same top is worn for casual, office, or sports wear, above, with a heavy wool plaid skirt in gay colors and a matching three-cornered kerkchief tucked into the wide neckline. The skirt is a circle with a deep pleat back and front and its own waistband.

+ + +

● The same top is tucked into a fan-pleated skirt of brilliant cherry-red wool, at left, for informal afternoon wear. To make the fan-pleated skirt, take an ordinary simple circular skirt and have it professionally pleated.

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... priced at 13/6



The Story of a Golden Jubilee

On a cold, wet morning over thirty years ago I made my first gramophone recording for "His Master's Voice". Hanging on the walls of the studio where I was to sing my first number—it was "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"—was a picture, an original oil painting about which I will tell you more in a little while, of a fox terrier listening, with his head bent, to an early gramophone record.

Of course you know the picture as well as I do. But on that cold morning I did not realise how very fond I was going to become of that foxy in the painting. We became great friends, and his picture and my name have appeared on millions of "His Master's Voice" records.

So, as he did so much for me, I should like to tell you his story. It starts off sadly, fifty years ago. Nipper had lost his master and had gone to live with his late master's brother, who was a well-known artist by the name of Francis Barraud.

This was in the days of the phonograph, when wax cylinders were used. Barraud noticed how the dog often cocked his ears and listened intently when the phonograph "talked." Whether one of the voices resembled that of the dog's old master is not known, but the attitude gave Francis Barraud the idea for his picture. He painted a picture of "Nipper" listening to the phonograph and gave it the title, "His Master's Voice".

Thinking it might interest the phonograph manufacturers, he took it to a company then prominent in the sale of wax cylinder machines. Strange as it may seem, they were not impressed; it was then offered to The Gramophone Company, who asked the artist to alter the painting and substitute a disc gramophone in place of the cylinder type which the artist had shown. They then adopted it as the trade mark of The Gramophone Company, and since that time millions of reproductions of this famous painting have been made in every conceivable form, making it the world's best-known picture.



The Hallmark of Quality

by
PETER DAWSON

Well, that's the story of Nipper.

This year "His Master's Voice" celebrates its Golden Jubilee.

As I have worked so intimately with this Company since the earliest days of my career, I have been privileged to know something of its plans and have closely watched their development through the years.

As a result of this long association I can tell you that we would never have been able to hear the beautifully clear and lifelike recordings which we enjoy to-day if it had

not been for "His Master's Voice". "His Master's Voice" has also given us the finest of instruments on which to play these records, and ever more wonderful radio reception to bring music, and so much other entertainment, in from over the air.

I say this with all sincerity, because I have listened more closely than most people. I have listened with the keen, critical ear of the artist, because all forms of recording, gramophone and radio development have meant so very much to my own career.

Now, after fifty years, what a splendid thing it is to listen to recorded and broadcast music and know that this great and pioneering Company is still leading the way.

Just to go into a shop that sells "His Master's Voice" instruments and records is to feel the strong influence of the dear old Fox Terrier trade mark.

When I go into one of those "H.M.V." shops I don't say that I am Peter Dawson. Oh no, I have too much fun being sold one of my own records. And one can't help but feel that the man or the woman who serves you in any shop displaying the "His Master's Voice" trade mark, and I don't care how small the shop is, is really proud to be associated with the name.

As part of the Golden Jubilee Celebrations, the original oil painting of Nipper listening to the gramophone is being sent around the world. It reaches Australia this week, and there will be many opportunities to see it. It will have a place of honour in the "His Master's Voice" exhibit at the Sydney Royal Agricultural Society's Show. Then it will tour Australia.

It's a picture well worth seeing, and it is "H.M.V.'s" most treasured possession.



Peter Dawson

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Golden Jubilee

Twenty-year-old farmers here from Britain

Will meet Junior Farmers and study sheep, horses, and dairying during tour

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Three 20-year-old English farmers are due in Australia this week to exchange ideas with Australian Junior Farmers, with whom they will take part in stock-judging competitions at Sydney's Royal Agricultural Show at Easter.

Sent by the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs, they will be the guests of Australian farmers, farmers' clubs, and similar organisations.

WHEN they return to Britain the new ideas they have gathered and the results of experiments they have seen will be discussed at Young Farmers' Clubs throughout the country. From the flow of ideas between Britain and Australia, farming will receive an added stimulus.

I interviewed the three young men before they left England. They are Peter Walker, a Welshman from Llangollen, Denbighshire; John Dibble, of Swindon, Wiltshire; and Peter Brevis, of Morpeth, Northumberland.

Each works on his father's farm.

Of the three John Dibble has been a member of the Young Farmers' Club the longest. He joined when only six years old.

The Young Farmers' Club in his district was then a Calf Club, and the youthful members each kept a calf, a record of the calf's growth, a costing of its food, and, when the calf was finally sold, a record of the profit—if any.

"But there were far too many losses," says John. "That is a reason why our Farmers' Clubs are flourishing. We are not letting farming sink into the doldrums."

Among John's snapshots is one of the calf which represents his first venture in livestock. He is astride the animal and looking very proud of himself.

The picture was taken at the



KEN HENRY, of Numbaa, N.S.W., who was one of the Australian Junior Farmers who visited Britain last year.

local show, and he was riding before the King and Queen.

But even now he recalls with horror the dreadful moment when he toppled off, right in front of the Royal visitors.

Calf Clubs in Britain were absorbed finally by the Young Farmers' Clubs, which have grown to be one of the most flourishing movements in Britain.

kept in close touch with Young Farmers' organisations in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the U.S.A.

Exchange visits between young farmers of different countries have always been one of the aims of this organisation. In 1937, Coronation Year, the first of these exchanges was organised, when James Henry and James Smith, of New South Wales, and Herbert Williams, of Victoria, came to England.

The next year was Sydney's 150th Anniversary and the young farmers of New South Wales invited four young farmers as their guests, representing England, Scotland, Ulster, and Wales.

War stopped the exchange visits until 1948, when the N.F.Y.F.C. convened in London the first International Conference. Sixteen countries were represented, and the Australian delegation, Jack Martin and Ken Henry, of N.S.W., and Alan Turner, of Victoria, were guests of N.F.Y.F.C. That visit is now being returned.

A special grant was made by the King George Jubilee Trust Fund to the Young Farmers' Clubs to make these exchange visits between British and Dominion farmers possible. Two-thirds of the fares are paid out of this fund and the remaining third is paid by the farmers themselves.

The Young Farmers' Clubs throughout Britain are remarkable for their individuality. Though the movement is nationwide, it is the doings of each club in its own village that keep the federation of clubs really alive.

Almost any night in the long English winter you can drop into a Young Farmers' Club in an English village, and find boys and girls in

There are 1300 of them scattered throughout the land, with a membership of 65,000 boys and girls.

For twenty years they have been in close touch with Young Farmers' organisations in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the U.S.A.

Though "Young Farmers" is perhaps a rather loose term, in that it covers everyone who can, and does, join the club, the more serious side of club life is conducted by young men taking up farming. And from these ranks the three farmers going to Australia have been chosen.

The 60 counties in England were divided into nine areas for the choice of candidates for the Australian tour.

Candidates were selected on agricultural knowledge, personality, service to the Young Farmers' Clubs movement, and general knowledge of world affairs.

On their return to Britain they will spend much of their spare time lecturing on Australian methods of farming.

Each of the three young farmers has a particular branch of farming in which he is interested.

Peter Walker wants to see sheep and study Australian methods of grass production.

John Dibble's interest is horses. He breeds Shire draught horses, thoroughbreds for steeplechasing and point-to-points. He wants to see Australia's Clydesdales and discuss with breeders the possibility of crossing Clydesdales and Shires.

Peter Brevis gives his whole attention to dairying. His father has a herd of Ayrshires, and he wants to study Australian methods of improving yields.

At Fremantle the young farmers will be met by Western Australian Junior Farmers. From there they will fly to Sydney.

The stock-judging competitions at the Royal Easter Show will be no



YOUNG FARMERS from Britain. Left to right: John Dibble, of Wiltshire; Peter Walker, of Wales; and Peter Brevis, of Northumberland.

DURING the Royal Agricultural Show in Sydney at Easter, three visiting British farmers will camp at the Show-ground with 52 members of Australian Junior Farmers' Clubs, a young New Zealand farmer, and possibly an American, who will represent U.S. junior farmers.

The visitors will compete in the Junior Farmers' Leadership competition, sponsored by the Australian Broadcasting Commission. After the Show they will tour N.S.W. and Victoria and may spend a few days in Western Australia.

Twenty girls, who are members of the N.S.W. Junior Farmers' Club Council, will also take part in junior farmer events at the Royal Show.

problem to the three young men. All have done a great deal of judging at country rallies, and one of the farmers has judged at Shrewsbury Show, when Princess Elizabeth was present.

The Duke of Norfolk, speaking of his Young Farmers' Clubs, said: "It is a wonderful field in which these young people seek new methods, and build up on past experience. Every boy or girl, whether the son of a farmer, a farm worker, a barrister, a butcher or a bus driver, or any other worker in the country, can join the club, which is helping to complete an effective system of agricultural education."

But the Young Farmers do more than seek new methods. Exceedingly practical experiences have bred spiritual reactions.

It is the Young Farmers who have revived the four old religious festivals of the country side, Plough Sunday, Rogationtide, Lammas, and Harvest Thanksgiving.

These festivals commemorate the mystery of germination and ripening of the crop. The Young Farmers lead these services, and take the speaking parts in them, and village churches are filled to overflowing.



JUNIOR FARMERS, members of Nötira (N.S.W.) Club, who will meet the British visitors. Raye and Don Ellison show their insect and flower collection.

NEW ERA FOR PIONEERS

SYDNEY'S ROYAL SHOW opens this week.

As at every other Show throughout the Commonwealth its exhibits are bigger and better than in any other year and secondary industry exhibits compete for space and attention with primary industry.

The rich bounty from rural areas means continued prosperity for the man on the land and more food for the still-hungry world.

It is an inspiration, too, to the youth of Australia, still disinclined to leave the comforts of city life for the hardships of the bush.

The Prime Minister recently described the need to exploit Australia's natural resources as "a challenge to our spirit, our courage, our imagination, and our skill."

Big developmental schemes like the Snowy River and Clarence River projects, which will make electricity and irrigation available to vast areas, should launch a new pioneering era.

It should be an era splendid enough to awaken the pioneer tradition in native-born Australians. They will toil alongside new Australians who, of necessity, have already become rural workers.

Modern machinery and amenities will spare the new pioneers — especially their womenfolk — many of the hardships endured not only by their ancestors but also by some of the country people exhibiting at this year's Shows.

But they will still need the courage and vision, the skill and resourcefulness, the generosity and patience, that have made the country man and his wife the symbol of all that is best in our race.

Tragic fate of merry Anne Boleyn

THE question of whether tragic Anne Boleyn was an unmitigated hussy ready to respond to the advances of any man, or whether she was merely the innocent tool of ambitious relatives, has been argued down the years.

Some say her only sin was that her husband grew tired of her and so lent a ready ear to the gossip of her enemies.

To others, she remains a rather frivolous figure, a pert maid of honor who stole the affection of King Henry the Eighth from his stodgy Spanish wife Catherine, and became the second in his succession of wives.

Anne's father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, was the grandson of a wealthy merchant who became Lord Mayor of London, and had changed the spelling of his surname from Bollen to Boleyn.

Anne was one of three children of Sir Thomas Boleyn's marriage to Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk. There is a doubt about the date of her birth. It was either 1503 or 1507. It is not known whether she or her sister Mary was the elder.

She was refreshingly gay, a witty conversationalist, and an accomplished musician. Above all she had great personal charm.

Her appearance fell short of loveliness, her outstanding feature being her expressive dark eyes and a wealth of black hair. Her complexion verged from sallow to swarthy, but her face was the classical oval shape, with a deceptively prim mouth.

She had two birth marks which she took great pains to conceal — a strawberry mole on her neck which she would often cover with an embroidered or jewelled collar band, and on her left hand could be seen an incipient sixth finger.

According to some chroniclers, Anne's sister Mary was King Henry's mistress before his roving eye discovered the charms of Anne.

It was not until 1526 that Henry actually discovered Anne's charms.

When Anne danced into his line of vision he was toying with the idea of discarding Catherine, an idea fostered by Cardinal Wolsey.

Wolsey believed that Catherine had outlived her usefulness, both as a mother and as a political weapon, and his plans for the future embraced a French match for Henry.

Henry was 35, married to the ailing Catherine, then 41. He was humiliated at Catherine's failure to produce a male heir. Their only surviving child was a daughter, Mary.

When he turned to the graceful young Anne, Henry, for the first time in his life, fell head over heels in love.

Whether Anne's refusal to accept an irregular relationship was because

FAMOUS WOMEN

of virtue, or because she was ambitious, is not known, but it is generally supposed that she acted on the advice of her father and her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, both of whom could expect to benefit by her success.

Thus began a courtship of seven years.

The letters, some of which have been preserved, are proof that Henry loved Anne, for a man of his guile and cunning could only have shown his hand in this way when torn by the uncertainty of love.

He wrote: "... I beseech you now with the greatest earnestness to let me know your whole intention, as to the love between us two."

"For I must of necessity obtain this answer of you, having been above a whole year struck with the dart of love, and not yet sure whether I shall fail, or find a place in your heart and affection."

Begging her to submit to him he promised: "I will take you for my mistress, casting off all others that are in competition with you" (meaning Mary Boleyn and his wife, Catherine) "out of my thoughts and affection, and serving you only."

Anne's reply that he alone would have her heart, but it could not be until he determined to be free, received the answer: "... The demonstrations of your affections are such, the fine thoughts of your letter so cordially expressed, that they oblige me for ever to honor, love, and serve you sincerely, beseeching you to continue in the same firm and constant purpose; and assuring you that, on my part, I will not only make a suitable return, but outdo you in

King's love survived long courtship but died when as Queen she gave him no son

loyalty of heart, if it be possible.

"... hereafter my heart shall be dedicated to you alone; I wish my body was so, too ..."

And with heaving emotions he drew a symbol of his heart underneath his signature, and inside it traced the initials "A.B."

To rid himself of Catherine, Henry decided to use the fact that she had been married previously to his brother, Catherine, daughter of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, of Spain, had been married to Arthur, the young Prince of Wales, when both were in their early teens. When Arthur died, soon after, the marriage was thought to be still unconsummated. After a year of widowhood, Catherine, then aged 18, was betrothed to the 12-year-old Henry, though not until the Pope, assured by both Isabella and Catherine's confessor that the girl was still a virgin, had issued a dispensation allowing Henry to marry his dead brother's wife.



ANNE BOLEYN

Although Catherine swore to her dying day that she had been wife to nobody but Henry, now that it suited him he chose to believe otherwise and use for annulment of his marriage on these grounds.

Henry decided to get Cardinal Wolsey and Archbishop Warham to obtain an annulment.

Pope Clement VII wished to maintain good relations with England, but was in no position to disregard Catherine's feelings when Henry's emissary arrived in Rome.

Catherine's nephew was the Spanish Emperor Charles, the same Charles whose armies were at that moment invading Italy.

The Pope temporised. Henry used every wile he could in the next six years before he learned that to gain a divorce he must give up his Church.

Finally, failure to sway Rome lost Wolsey his influence with Henry.

Apparently Anne Boleyn became the King's mistress in September, 1532, when he created her Marchioness of Pembroke, the first case of the creation of a peeress, with a pension of a thousand pounds a year.

Soon after, Henry decided to risk excommunication, and to marry Anne. A secret ceremony before a handful of friends took place early in the morning of January 25, 1533, in a small chapel at the Palace of Westminster.

Archbishop Thomas Cranmer, who had been created Archbishop of Canterbury after the death of Warham, stated that he had nothing directly to do with the wedding.

However, Cranmer owed his advancement to Henry and Anne, and his position depended on his interest in their cause.

The wedding was not made public until three months later, and when her coronation took place in May the same year Anne first tasted her fleeting hour of triumph.

But before she was crowned, Henry's passion for legalising things must be satisfied. Cranmer presided

at a tribunal to which Queen Catherine was summoned, and which she refused to attend. The judgment was delivered that the marriage of King Henry and his brother's widow was null and void. A few days later Cranmer pronounced the verdict that Anne was the lawful wife of the King.

When the Pope threatened excommunication, Henry retaliated by having his Parliament give his vows legal form and by relegating the Pope to the position of the Bishop of Rome, making himself supreme head of the Church of England, instead of the Church in England.

Meanwhile, the birth of Anne's child was awaited in an atmosphere of hysterical excitement. Henry, however, while away his anxious moments by dallying with damsels of the Court.

When Anne remonstrated he flared into a rage and bid her: "You close your eyes, as your betters did before you. You ought to know that it is in my power in a single instant to lower you further than I raised you up."

The passionate lover had disappeared under the strain of waiting for the coming child, the sex of which he firmly felt would be a signal of God's approval or disapproval of Anne.

The girl child, born on September 7, and named Elizabeth after Henry's and Anne's mothers, was a terrible blow to Henry's pride, but when Anne confessed her grief and disappointment his heart melted. He took her in his arms and protested: "I would rather beg from door to door than forsake you!"

Anne's position was considerably weakened by her failure to produce a male heir, and, although legally she was now England's Queen, many people, the common people especially, considered Catherine the true Queen, regarding Anne as an upstart and a makeshift.

The execution of Sir Thomas More and John Fisher, two grand pillars of the Catholic tradition, who could not find it in their conscience to accept Cranmer's divorce decree as lawful, did not improve her popularity.

During his three years of marriage to Anne, Henry proceeded to separate himself and his kingdom from ecclesiastical domination. The tentative breach became a positive one. Henry released forces he could not altogether control.

The year after the birth of Elizabeth Anne suffered a miscarriage, and so Henry found himself in the position of having made his 17-year-old daughter, Mary, illegitimate for the sake of a girl-child who was still a baby.

Continued on page 23

HEALTH AND THE EMOTIONS

EMOTIONAL upsets, such as love and hate, cause one-third of all diseases, some doctors estimate.

Another one-third of patients have emotional factors that complicate and aggravate their real organic illness.

Many of these are cases for psychosomatic medicine.

"Psychosomatic" is the term given to a rapidly spreading attitude of modern medicine. It is the new way of saying that to cure a man's body you have to cure his emotions as well.

Some diseases which are wholly or partly caused by the emotions are asthma, gastric ulcers, diabetes, migraine, glaucoma, and high blood-pressure.

Besides telling how psychosomatic medicine works, A.M. for April, on sale everywhere next Saturday, tells how you can check whether you are emotionally normal.

A.M. is the magazine for men and women. Price is 1/-.

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





YOUNG GALLANTS. Christine Wilkinson, of Hay, is carried by Bob Watson, and Elizabeth Allen, of Cooma, is carried by brother Ross when they arrive at the Canberra Picnic Race Ball. Entrance to ballroom was a quagmire.



PRESIDENT'S WIFE. Mrs. Alex Scott, of Carriwoola, Bungendore, puts ribbon on winner of the Canberra Picnic Race Club Cup, Koorawatha.



ENGAGED COUPLE. Joan Snow, daughter of the Frank Snows, of Cuppacumbalong, Queanbeyan, dances at race ball with fiance Neville Gorman, of Queanbeyan.

Canberra Picnics



PICNIC LUNCH enjoyed by Mrs. V. M. Hill (left), Major Hill (in background), who is an instructor in artillery at Royal Military College, Duntroon; Mrs. J. R. Nimmo, Mrs. Currie, and Lieut.-Colonel N. L. Currie. Major Hill and his wife are recent arrivals in Australia from England.



PRETTY GIRL. Elaine Blanchard, of Brisbane, dances at the Canberra Picnic Race Ball with John Faithfull, of Moree. Elaine wore lovely gown of French tulle with petals encrusted with sequined motif. She covered her bare shoulders with tulle.



CONSIDERING their bets, Donald Edwards, Mosman (left), Susan Chirnside, Bombala, Rae Broadbent, Mosman, and Tony Walcott, Bombala. Susan's father, Mr. Lindsay Chirnside, rode winner of first race, Quiet Gossip.



WHAT'LL WIN? Mrs. Horton Browne, of Young, studies the form with Mr. W. J. Bushell, of Crookwell, Mr. Hugh Ross, Harden, Ross Hutton, Harden, and Mrs. Hugh Ross, of Harden.



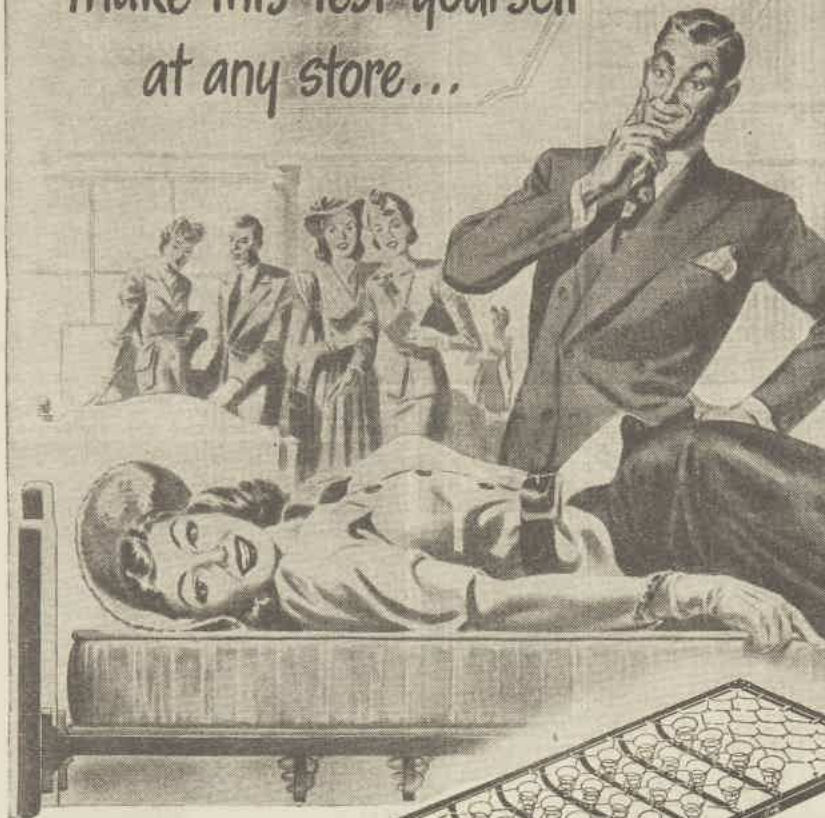
GENTLEMAN JOCKEY. Owen Merriman and his attractive wife, Pam, snapped at the Canberra Hotel at the cocktail party after the races. Owen rode the Cup winner, his father's horse Koorawatha.



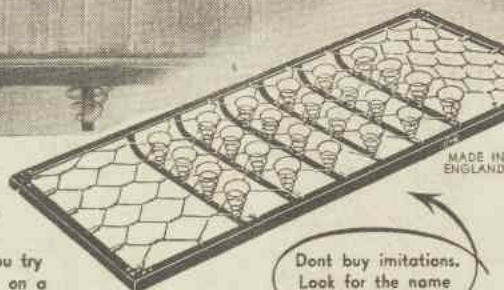
BRITISH High Commissioner's daughter, Ivy Williams, watches a race with Tom Field, of Lanyon, Queanbeyan, before attending president's afternoon tea. Tom's horse, Miss Tharwa, was placed in the first race.

Story on Pages 20, 21

Make this test yourself
at any store...



Try out any inner spring mattress on a wooden platform or any other type of support. Then ask the salesman to let you try out the same brand of mattress on a VONO SPRING BASE.



Don't buy imitations.
Look for the name
VONO

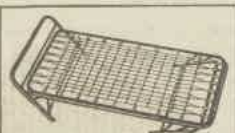
... a Vono Spring Base makes any type of
mattress far more comfortable.

There's ten times the comfort when any mattress rests on a Vono Spring Base. Even any ordinary non-spring mattress becomes a dream of comfort on a Vono supporting base. You get that feeling of 'floating' ... you're asleep seconds after your head hits the pillow.

The Vono Spring Base actually

takes the weight from the mattress ... cushions itself to the 'lie' of the body. It takes all the shocks ... all the tosses and turns you make 'naturally' during a night's sleep.

Note how the supporting underbars take care of the heaviest part of the body, but are not used under the head or feet.



Also ask to see the **VONO 'YEE' Folding Bed** for holiday homes and verandah sleepouts. Firmly constructed with coil springs at both ends. Made in England.

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VONO
SPRING BASE
for every type of bed.

Or you can buy a Vono Spring Base as a complete under-sprung bedstead ready for use with any type of mattress.

At all leading furniture stores throughout Australia.

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Canberra Races...



AT COCKTAIL PARTY. Mrs. John MacDiarmid and Mr. Paddy Osborne, of Currandooley, Bungendore, at cocktail party which followed races and was held at Canberra Hotel. Mrs. MacDiarmid before recent marriage was Judy Cooper. Her new home is at Burra, Queanbeyan. Judy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cooper, of Edgely, attended pictures as guests of their daughter.

Gum boots with tulle provide "new look" at the ball

By JOYCE BOWDEN

At most social events rain threatens to mar the proceedings and cast a damper on the spirits of the participants, but at picnic race meetings the heavier rain the wider the grins on the faces of the squatters.

With five inches of rain falling during the Canberra Picnic Race Meeting week-end at Canberra, the grins developed into satisfied roars of laughter. It's fine for the postures.

FALLING torrents also proved to me the age of chivalry is not dead, as there were many gallants who lifted their partners high above the mud as they arrived at the ball which was held at the Queanbeyan Showground pavilion.

I don't know if later in the evening anyone went quite so far as to be dubbed Sir Walter Raleigh by throwing his coat down for his fair partner to walk on, but I wouldn't be surprised.

If Paris designer Christian Dior had dropped in I'm sure he would have got some ideas for another "new look."

Most fashionable ball attire with the lasses was bouffant tulle or panniered satin, with the startling accessory of gumboots.

How anyone will ever sort out all the rain apparel used during the evening is a great mystery to me.

Much easier problem to solve was picking winner of Canberra Picnic Race Club Cup, carried off by Owen Merriman, star gentleman jockey of the district, in his customary dashing style.

He romped home on Koorawatha, which is raced by his father, Mr. E. J. Merriman, of Ravensworth, Yass, president of Yass Picnic.

Koorawatha, ridden by Owen, also won Crookwell Cup and Yass Gold Cup.

President of the Canberra Picnics, Alex Scott, of Carwoola, Bungendore, who took presidency on his shoulders for the first time this year, was a worried man early on the morning of the "Picnics," until the committee held an informal meeting in the lounge of the Canberra Hotel and decided "It's on."

Alex and his attractive wife had mammoth job of entertaining, as races drew big crowd, and could be said to be the biggest post-war meeting. Couple were hosts at official luncheon in marquee on race ground, afternoon tea, and a dinner party at the Gloucester prior to the ball, where picnic race presidents and their wives from other districts predominated among the guests.

The Scotts' house guests included Mrs. Scott's mother, Mrs. A. Rutherford, of Point Piper, and Mr. and Mrs. Doug Murray, of Walroonga.

Another big dinner party held in the district was given by Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Gordon, of Turalilla, Bungendore. They entertained 30 guests after the races, including many Sydney visitors who had come to Canberra for the picnics.

Youngest "guests" at the picnics were Victoria Merriman and Angela Ryrie. Victoria came with her

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 7, 1950

Gay meeting despite rain



DINING AT THE GLOUCESTER. Tony Pratten, Yass (left), Sue Smith, Yass, Hamilton Hume, Bill Kelly, Booroola, Robina McIntosh, Woolahra, John Crips, of Yass, dine at the Gloucester, Civic Centre, before going on to Race Ball at Queanbeyan.

Impressions of Canberra Picnics

• Rain and more rain . . .
The number of young people and young "marrieds" present . . . Betty Field's consternation on opening up her picnic hamper to find their cook had taken note of St. Patrick's Day so the cake's icing was as green as the Emerald Isle . . . Seventeen-year-old Geoff Wilkes, of Wagga, sampling his first glass of French champagne and concentrating corks and dinner menu as memento of the evening.

parents, Owen and Pam Merriman, but stayed at the hotel when the weather became so inclement.

Few-months-old Angela, who's called Polly by her parents, Jim and Betty Ryrie, of Micalago, stayed the day at the course and had a good look at proceedings from the car.

Weather didn't really influence fashions, as suitcases were already packed and most "picnickers" already under way before deluge came.

Canberra stores did a roaring trade in umbrellas as everyone rushed to buy in an attempt to keep a bit dry. Doug and Phyl Murray were among the purchasers, and Tom Field, from Lanyon, Queanbeyan, gave an almost wholesale order for the largest brotleys available for entire house-party.

Country's capital takes on entirely new atmosphere as Parliamentarians run for cover and quiet after House adjourns and leave Canberra Hotel to be taken over by boys from the bush.

At cocktail party, which is held in lovely lounge-rooms of hotel, there are few members present, but Jo Gullett and his charming wife, Ruth, one of the hostesses, are there to join in the fun. They have Lamington Station in the district.

Party is hostessed by forty matrons, including Merdames K. P. Anderson, A. G. Bootes, J. H. Calthorpe, D. Campbell, A. D. Campbell, G. B. Campbell, E. H. Cox, R. Clayton, B. Douglas, J. L. Davies, R. F. DeSals, J. C. Gorman, A. H. Hart, C. Hodgins, G. G. Hyles, K. Lees, J. Morrow, E. J. McMurtrie, P. S. McGovern, F. M. McDiarmid, N. Milson, A. C. McKay, G. J. Mylne, J. R. Nimmo, P. J. Osborne, G. O'Hanlon, F. Powell, C. C. Russell, J. W. Ralston, K. C. Retallick, F. N. Snow, T. A. Sutherland, A. W. Scott, G. Tanner, W. Woodger, P.



SAVING THE PRESSING. Carol Forbes, of Sydney, and her hostess at the Canberra Picnic Races, Anna Milson, of Huntley, arrive by car at the Canberra Hotel and carry their evening frocks so that they won't have to be pressed before they go to the ball.

Watson, H. Zouch, R. Hyles, and D. Hyles.

Lovely gowns worn to ball, and notice president's wife, Mrs. Alex Scott, in coffee spotted faille; Margaret Hodgins in ballerina pink tulle; Denise la Flesche in patterned blue organdie, with her hair tied in Grecian style with pink ribbon; Ann Milson's white organza and broderie anglaise; Mrs. Peter Watson's green satin; and Sylvia Keighley's pink net, with sequin-encrusted bodice.

Members of Jockey Club, who were to have held meeting on day following Picnic Race Meeting, were disappointed that rain caused cancellation of arrangements. However, it was a case of gossip about the previous day and reviving for the coming evening for most, and

cries of "Saddle up, old man; we're going on to the Gloucester to dance," echoed through the corridors at the Canberra Hotel before dinner.

Mud was brushed from "tails" by the men and scraped from already ruined evening shoes by girls before plunging into the elements, and off again for another gay evening.

Quiet descended on Canberra on Sunday as guests rested after the strenuous week-end, and packed up to take off here, there, and everywhere. Telephone exchange was kept busy to other country districts to check if roads were bogged, and lots of people drove by flooded Molonglo for last look at Canberra.

After voting picnics huge success, despite weather, everyone said "goodbye" till next year.

They all admire Her Lovely Hair

(How simple it was with a Crest Home Perm!)



AND THEY USED TO CALL HER "RATS-TAILS!" Sue's hair was a problem—then her girl friend, Pat, suggested a Crest Home Perm., and offered to show her how to do it . . . NEXT MORNING . . .



"After you've shampooed your hair and divided it," said Pat, "you separate the hair into tresses and saturate with Crest WAVING LOTION".



"Then you fold an end tissue over the tress of hair and slide it down to the end. Next you take a curler . . .



. . . and wind the tress round it until it's close to the scalp, and there you are!"



"When all the curlers are in place, you leave it until the wave has formed." Sue was delighted. "Why, it's easy!" she said.



A LITTLE LATER
"Now," said Pat, "saturate each curl with Crest WAVING LOTION, leave it for 20 minutes, then unwind the curls. We rinse and it's ready to set into the loveliest perm you ever had."



AT THE DANCE
... her friends could hardly believe their eyes. "Why, that can't be our rats-tails!" they said. "That's a radiant Crest beauty."

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Dentists recommend



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY **KNITTING BOOK**
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Singapore Sadie

THE Sandersons talked freely about the guest houses they had stayed at in the country districts of several States, and even the fruit and flowers they had enjoyed at the various places.

When the conversation lagged, Marion suggested that Singapore got stale after a few weeks, but Sanderson said he couldn't say, as he had never been to Singapore. He intended to make the trip one day.

"Mistake number two," said Marion that night as we got ready for bed. "They talk too much about some things, and not enough about others. It's getting like a paper chase, with their mistakes instead of strips of paper."

Next day Smithy checked by code wire on the places and dates and names that Sanderson had mentioned. The wire he received in reply, in code of course, excited him so much that he could hardly decode it properly.

In seven places the Sandersons had patronised for periods varying between a month and three months, just as they were doing in Beefwood, there had been a burglary about half-way through their stay, with no clues, and a completely clean getaway.

We'd managed to leave a piece of prepared paper on Jimmy Sanderson's chair, and got his fingerprints to send down, but they hadn't any record of them.

And headquarters of the G.I.B. in three States had had the dragnet out and the gold buyers watched without results. Smithy told us the only clues, or signs of clues, were the poisoning of a dog and the dragging of a caretaker in one case.

"Sanderson slipped all hands a micky," Marion said.

Smithy wanted to make an arrest right away, on suspicion, but we wanted the gold.

Smithy searched the car that night while we entertained the Sandersons upstairs. There wasn't even a piece of mud that shouldn't be there, let alone sixteen hundred and fifty ounces of fine gold worth about ten thousand pounds.

So we had another session on the balcony, and this time we drew the Sandersons on to talk about the days when he was at sea. I asked him about storms and wrecks, and he told us a lot of good yarns that yielded nothing.

Then Marion got him to tell us about smuggling, and how it was done.

Continued from page 4

He told us that people used hollowed-out wooden legs, the inside of rolls of corned beef, secret drawers and panels, small cavities cut out of solid parts of wooden fixtures, their nostrils, hollow heels in their shoes, and still more astonishing places to conceal contraband from drugs to gems.

The engineer of one ship he had been on as a junior had made a set of floating canisters. In these he put the opium, and before entering harbor where Customs officers were stationed he threw them overboard at night. The shore gang went out at dawn in motor boats and retrieved them.

Warming up to the subject he told us how another engineer had made a set of canisters for a Chinese storekeeper in the north.

Obviously these were filled with green ginger, China tea, innocuous herbs and the like, but a secret compartment, covered with a lid camouflaged with the contents of the canister, hid the smuggled drugs for the right customers.

"It was a great racket, and the police never tumbled to it," Jimmy said, as he rose to go to bed.

In our room Marion asked me if I noticed the proud glow in the eyes of Mr. Sanderson, as he told us about the patent canisters, and if I deduced anything from it.

"He made them," I said, and Marion said I was entitled to an A for that.

Next night was picture night, and the Sandersons went. We got into their room with a skeleton key Smithy provided, and looked things over. I could see not a single clue, but when we got back to bed Marion said: "What did you make of those two dinky little leather-covered dispatch cases we found under the bed?"

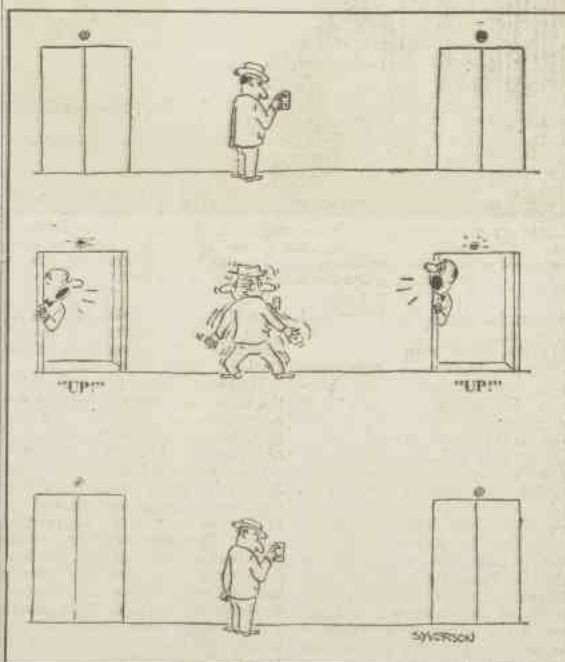
I made several guesses, all wrong.

"Why would anybody carry small dispatch cases made of solid steel, filled with nothing heavier than foolscap writing paper, pens, ink, and blotting paper?" Marion wanted to know.

I gave up. "Because," she said, "they could be used for carrying something much heavier than paper, something that would burst through an ordinary dispatch case, or throw it out of shape. Guess what."

"Gold," I said.

Please turn to page 24



Ask
a man



He'll find you

irresistible with
Cashmere Bouquet
Colourfast Lipstick

ITS your lips that say you're lovely... lips like living silk... lips with a dewy, luscious look to turn a man's head—and heart. That is why HE finds you irresistible when you highlight your mouth with Cashmere Bouquet. What other lipstick has such creamy texture, and such glorious, glowing, indestructible shades? And only the improved Cashmere Bouquet smooths on like a kiss. Yes, ask a man and see approval mirrored in his eyes!



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Range to match each colour

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for all polished leather.



"DUMPS" JARS AND "HANDTUBES" IN ALL WANTED SHOPS—EVERYWHERE

ANNE BOLEYN . . .

IN January, 1536, Catherine died, still a virtual prisoner.

Many believed she had been poisoned by Henry, but her symptoms seemed more in keeping with cardiac dropy.

Henry did not let Catherine's death interfere with his winter festivities. Anne is reported to have rejoiced, and the two of them, arrayed from head to foot in yellow, appeared at a ball at Greenwich the very day after receiving the news.

"Now I am indeed the Queen," Anne is said to have remarked.

Soon after Catherine's death another baby was born prematurely to Anne—a dead male child.

Added to her anguish and disappointment was the brutality of Henry, who, on hearing the news, strode into her chamber, stood over her bed and stormed, "It is now too sure that God will give me no male heir by you."

Henry no longer pretended to be faithful to Anne. With failing heart she tried to please him while he turned to the chaste, pure, and prim Jane Seymour.

Her enemies saw that the time was right for them to move, and with care they laid their plans.

Henry lent a ready ear to the stories that were spread about his wife's flirtatious ways with men, and Anne did little to help as she threw herself into a restless round of gaiety in an attempt to still her uneasiness.

The first move of the plot which developed rapidly in the spring of 1536 was the setting up of a secret

Continued from page 18

committee of the King's Council with the special power of inquiring into every kind of treason "by whomsoever committed."

This was done at the instigation of Sir Thomas Cromwell, a commoner who rose to the position of Chief Secretary and then Lord Privy Seal.

Cromwell's men seized the Court musician, one Mark Smeaton, who was tortured until he "confessed" committing adultery with the Queen.

Following these arrests Anne was summoned before the Council and told that she was accused of adultery with three persons, Norreys, Weston, and one unnamed.

The Queen protested, half delirious with shock and grief. When the interrogation ended she was taken to the Tower.

Then three courtiers, Henry Norreys, Francis Weston, and William Brereton, were arrested and accused.

Soon the unhappy woman heard that her brother, Lord Rochford, had been arrested too, charged with incest and treason, and would stand his trial with her on May 15.

The others were tried three days earlier, Smeaton pleading guilty and Weston, Norreys, and Brereton, not guilty, to the charge of adultery, and none of them admitting treason.

All were found guilty on both counts and sentenced to death.

The verdict against Anne and her brother was a foregone conclusion. Both bore themselves with dignity, and it is said that no one who saw her face on that day could have thought her guilty.

The five men were all executed, under her windows, in the Tower courtyard, on May 17, and Anne was left alone.

Crammer, her erstwhile friend, came to see her the day following her trial, and it is thought that, perhaps misled by a gentle insinuation that she might avoid execution if she obliged, she admitted some impediment to her marriage to Henry.



MR. RUSSELL MOCKRIDGE

... cycling champion for ministry
EMPIRE and Australian champion track cyclist, 21-year-old Russell Mockridge, of Melbourne, is going to night school in order to matriculate and begin a Divinity Course at the University next year. He plans to do the course "under his own steam," with his savings and by working during vacations. He considers that by becoming a Church of England minister he can serve the community best. He began his cycling career four years ago, holds five Empire and Australian track cycling titles. He went to both the Olympic and Empire Games.

This gave Henry the weapon he needed to have his marriage to Anne declared null and void so that he would be free to marry and begot heirs by his Jane Seymour.

Anne went to her death wearing a robe of black damask, her famous headdress ornamented with pearls, and a net to hold up her hair.

In a breathless voice she asked for forgiveness of all those she had wronged, remitting her offences to God, and asked everyone to pray for the King, who was so good.

Before she knelt to lay her head

Interesting People



MISS MARGARET STEEL

... art gallery curator
HOLDING the full-time job of Assistant-Curator of the Werner Museum and Art Gallery at Luton Hoo, in Bedfordshire—one of the finest private collections in Britain—is Margaret Steel, of Melbourne. Educated at C.E.G.S., she went to a finishing school in Switzerland, returned to Melbourne, but later lived in Sydney and in Queensland, and was for some time secretary to the Country Party leader, Mr. Fadden. Later she worked at David Jones' Art Gallery, Sydney. Her hobbies are concert and theatre-going and travelling.



MR. TOM BALAAM

... stage weapon-maker
RETIRED property master of Sydney Metropolitan Theatre, Tom Balaam says that the smallest prop he was ever called on to make was the poison-container used in "Romeo and Juliet," and the largest a fireplace. An expert in the making of stage weapons, he served his time as a smith, and is now a tool-maker. Interested in the theatre ever since his schooldays, he has never once been on stage with the curtain up. As Metropolitan property master he had care of over 500 props, housed in what used to be the caretaker's basement of Christ Church St. Laurence.

on the block she removed her head-dress, saying, "Alas, poor head, in a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust of the scaffold; and as in life thou wert not meant to wear the crown of a queen so in death thou deservest not better than this."

The intimate records of the trials which preceded the executions are believed to have been deliberately destroyed, either then to cover up the flimsiness of the evidence, or in later years, and at Elizabeth's order, in an attempt to expunge the ignominy of her mother's end.

There is no record of her appealing directly to Henry during her imprisonment in the Tower, but it was written by Bacon that before she went to her execution she sent the King this message: "Commend me to His Grace and tell him he hath ever been constant in his career of advancing me; from a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness; from a marchioness a queen, and now he hath left me a higher degree of honor, he gives my innocence the crown of martyrdom."

Two interesting books telling of Anne Boleyn are "Henry VIII," by Francis Hackett, and "Fairest for Elizabeth," by Edith Sitwell. Others include Agnes Strickland's comprehensive work "Lives of the Queens of England," "Memoirs of the Life of Anne Boleyn," by E. O. Bengier, and "History of Two Queens," by W. H. Dixon.

New help for DRY SKIN

Especially if you are over 25
beware of Dry Skin

From about 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and pliant gradually decreases. Even before 40 a woman may lose as much as 20% of this softening oil. But you can help offset this drying out—by giving your skin an oil especially suited to its needs. You can use Pond's new Dry Skin Cream—very rich in lanolin, the oil most like natural skin oil!

Arrests Dry Skin two ways

Lanolin—Softens by Night—After your regular cleansing, smooth rich-in-lanolin new Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over face and throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or all night.

Lanolin—Protects by Day—For extra daytime softening smooth on a very light touch of Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up. Feel your skin respond to this rich

cream. See how tiny dry lines are smoothed to show less.

3 FEATURES: These 3 features make Pond's new Dry Skin Cream so effective. 1. It is rich-in-lanolin—very like the skin's own oil. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a special softening emulsifier. Get your jar of this new cream today!

Available at all chemists and leading stores in economy size jars, 4/-.



New

Rich in lanolin
Homogenized
Special Emulsifier



The Duchess of Sutherland, titled English beauty, says: "I find this rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream almost a necessity for dry skin."

Start this truly remarkable correction of Dry Skin today!

FIG-4

"I was all in"

writes Mrs. C.B.*

"The first bottle of Potter's Fematone brought me back to myself."

Here is her letter:-

"I have had five operations in the past ten years; the last one, in November, I was very ill in hospital five weeks. I have never been so close to a nervous breakdown. I could not sleep and worried over trifles and could not think clearly. I was all in.

"I tried all medicines and tablets, but got nowhere till my chemist told me to try Fematone. I did so reluctantly and, to my utter amazement, the first bottle brought me back to myself."—Mrs. C.B.

Potter's Fematone will do you good, too

Thousands of Australian women are finding that now, at long last, they can enjoy better health from day to day. Potter's Fematone is new, modern, has been developed by scientists as a tonic for women only.

Potter's Fematone strengthens, builds up energy and resistance. No less than twenty-eight valuable, modern-day ingredients are included in its formula. Try it yourself—see what a difference it makes!

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THE MODERN TONIC FOR WOMEN OF ALL AGES

6/6

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS PER BOTTLE

*Out of consideration for the writers, the Distributors of Potter's Fematone do not publish names and addresses of those who write testimonials, but the originals can readily be inspected at the Head Office.

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ARRID THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

There's Real Comfort In Every Sip of Hearnes.

COUGHS & COLDS



Singapore Sadie

Continued from page 22

MARION nodded. "And river sand, and brass filings," she said. "About sixty pounds weight or more in each. You can't buy them. Jimmy, the engineer, made them. If he could make things like that, what about some place built into his car? It's worth a trial. The clue of the drugged dog."

She got Smithy to send for O'Brien, from the C.I.B., the mechanical expert, next day. We kept the Sandersons busy at cards while he went over the car in the garage, and found the steel suitcase, and the gold, and the tools, and the rubber gloves, and what was left of the scaling-wax and the potter's clay he had used to make the seals with.

We were as surprised as anyone else, of course, and commiserated with poor Mrs. Sanderson, who fainted when Smithy made the pinch, and sobbed like a child that has been beaten without cause.

We even went round to the station with them to see if there was anything we could do to help. To our surprise Jimmy decided to plead guilty, but advised his wife to fight her case to a finish.

"You've had nothing to do with it," he said. "They can't put anything on you, whatever they can to me."

I was watching them, and it seemed to me that both looked as though they already had been sentenced to death in a State where the sentence would be carried out.

After a bit she began to weep, sitting on a form in the police station, and the sound of her sobbing was dreadful to me. I began to feel ashamed of my profession, and wished we could have pinned Jimmy without his wife.

Jimmy made a statement, which was typed and signed, giving his version, and keeping his wife right out of it.

I had to admire Jimmy Sanderson for the way he took what was coming to him. He never hesitated, but stood up there before the police and took the rap.

"I'm a dog, I'll admit, to bring this on her," he said. "She's a woman in a thousand. I've kept it from her. She thought I was left a legacy. In the name of all that's decent don't drag her into it. She's

as innocent as an unborn babe." And so on.

Of course we allowed a little for the fact that he must have been pretty deeply in love with this Singapore Sadie in the first place to throw in his lot with her. But I had to admire him for the way he shielded her.

If it had been a hanging matter, I'm certain he would have done the same thing. A crook he might be, I told myself, but he was a Man, in capital letters.

I even began to think as I looked and listened that it would be great to know that my Johnnie would do a thing like that for me.

It was the same when they went before the magistrate at Mulpas West for the preliminary hearing. They had a good lawyer, whose chief task was to prove that Sanderson was a first offender and entitled to consideration under the first offenders' section of the Act.

And, of course, to persuade the magistrate that there was no case to answer against Mrs. Sanderson.

Jimmy stood in the dock, white and drawn, and put up a plea for his wife that made me want to run across and hug him. She sat on the form and wept silently, looking up at him through her tears.

"Send me to gaol," he said to the magistrate. "I'm guilty. Twice guilty, because I have ruined the finest little woman that ever drew breath."

As he looked at her you could see the light of love leap from the eyes of one to the other like a living thing.

It was something that made me catch my breath as I watched. She looked at him through tears as though he were a god, and, in silence, except for a strangled sob now and again. And worshipped.

Crooks, I said to myself. But they've found the thing that makes the world hold together.

I began to work on Marion, who sat beside me, watching and listening, her eyes inscrutable, while the magistrate, having given Jimmy a good deal more rope than he was entitled to, called a halt to his eloquence.

Please turn to page 26

RIVETS



It's child's play with

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TRANSPARENT AS GLASS
AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

Made in Australia by AUSTRALIAN DUREX PRODUCTS PTY. LTD., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

07/110

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells About Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home. Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Orlex mixture to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp; is not sticky or greasy; does not rub off."



It seems to me...

ANYONE who has ever struggled to their day's work feeling below par will sympathise with the problems of British parliamentarians.

The narrow majority of Labor makes it imperative that adequate numbers are always in Parliament to stave off defeat in a vote, and it is said that members are being asked to take medical advice, have overhauls and preventive treatment if they're likely to be on the sick list.

Doubtless the Conservatives too are anxious about their numbers.

Conversations in the lobbies probably run along these lines:

"How are you, Throgmorton? But I mean, really? A cold? Don't let it get you down. You really ought to keep on your feet, same as for seasickness. Nothing like the Commons air to cure a cold."

Or, "I say, how's old Bunting's appendix?" "Fine, fine. He'll be out of the anaesthetic at two and a fast car ought to get him here at 2.15."

A FRIEND of mine, who lives in a conservative suburb, is rather concerned about her dahlias.

They started life as pale pink, but this year, for some odd reason, they are all coming out bright red.

She thinks they have been indoctrinated by the bees.

ALL lovers of freedom will be pleased to hear about the decision of the Attorney-General for Wisconsin, U.S.A., who said that people were entitled to blow up their houses any time, provided they hurt no one.

The ruling was made when a man dynamited his own home because he didn't like the way it was built.

This is the kind of action which evokes a certain admiration, though one would not exactly care to have the dynamiter in one's own family. He evidently has the same sort of impulsive nature as the man who recently cut a whole New York radio station off the air because he didn't like the programmes.

Domestically, such a nature is trying. Its owner would probably throw the breakfast bacon at his wife if he didn't like the way it was cooked.

Yet the grand sweep of these gestures is envied by many milder mortals. How often have you longed, confronted by a new dress that you don't really like, to throw it in the garbage can and forget it? You don't, of course. You are finally cajoled by kindly, hypocritical friends into wearing it.

So with a house that isn't what you planned. I doubt that any dangerous precedent is likely to be set by the dynamiter's action. In these days of housing shortage, far better to sell it at a profit. But it must give the residents of Wisconsin a fine sense of independence, valuable to-day when the tendency is to restrict the liberty of the subject.

THE ultimate in race discrimination has been reached by the Chamber of Commerce in Klerksdorp, a town in the Transvaal, South Africa, which has asked undertakers to provide separate hearses for the bodies of white and colored people.

In Stevenson's "Book of Quotations" there are 72 quotations from writers down the ages expressing the thought that death levels all men, probably put most succinctly by the ancient Roman who said: "As men, we are all equal in the presence of death."

They know better in Klerksdorp.



Dorothy Drain

A YOUNG man who is writing a novel tells me that he has been considerably heartened in his purpose by the reactions of a friend.

He said that he didn't fancy himself as a great literary artist, and was merely setting out to write what he thought might be readable light fiction, more for the exercise in application to the task than anything else.

He showed a friend the first couple of chapters and the friend immediately saw all kinds of deep psychological significances in the characters that had never occurred to the writer.

"Ah," he would say, chewing his pipe, "that's a clever touch—Margaret refusing sugar in her tea. Yes, of course, now I presume she does that because—"

The writer says it had never occurred to him to think out why Margaret didn't take sugar in her tea. But he didn't disillusion his penetrating friend. Having things read into his work that he hadn't thought of made him feel just like Shakespeare.

A LIVELY letter arrived this week from Austin Hill, of New Rochelle, New York.

From his letter I gather that he's married to an Australian.

He encloses a small pamphlet entitled "Official Rules for Dunking," published by the National Dunking Association, 393 Seventh Avenue, New York City, and explaining eight steps in the polite way to dunk a doughnut in coffee.

I'm all for dunking, having often wished in childhood to dunk gingerbreads, but in those days there was considered to be no polite way.

Mr. Hill says that his motive in sending the pamphlet is "to take the edge off the horrible concoction that passes for coffee in Australia," and adds, "I do hope you may be able to accomplish something before an influx of Americans arrives for the Olympics in 1956."

Unfortunately he didn't send his full address. Otherwise I could have given him in return a tip for unattached visiting Americans: If the price of coffee continues to rise at its present rate, by 1956 coffee may be a more popular gift for the girls than orchids.

THOUGHTS after a healthy, open-air weekend in the suburbs:

I sometimes think that the balladists, who sing in a garden's praise,

Have entered them only on moonlit nights, or seen them far off, in a haze,

For what do they know of inkweed, who only of roses know?

Oh, flowers are pretty in florists' shops, but very much faster to grow

Are clover and bracken and nutgrass, and thistles and onion weed;

And the man who said gardens are loveliest things could never have taken heed

Of snails and of aphids, and sundry bugs, and mildew and spotted wils,

Else for spreading a notion that's so unsound he'd have hidden his face in guilt,

And I often think that Tennyson's Maud, when "Come into the garden," he cried,

Most probably looked at her blistered hands, and got on with her sewing, inside.



You'll find the Hotpoint Model 500 Vacuum Cleaner makes cleaning easy, from floor to ceiling. The 3 Cleaning Actions—tapping out the dirt, combing up the lint, and strong suction—get the deep-down dirt. And these are some of the Hotpoint features: Six handy attachments for general cleaning; Powerful motor; Brush adjustments to compensate for bristle wear; Light weight.



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There's a Hotpoint Appliance for every domestic need! HVCC

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Obtainable
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it must
be a

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A 14



T

HE old man looked almost on the point of weeping himself. He continued Jimmy for sentence to the higher court, and called on the case of his wife, which was to be defended.

But then Marion gave me the shock of my life. She slipped round the dock and whispered in the ear of the man in charge of the case, Sergeant Boyle, the prosecutor, who nodded, looked at Mrs. Sanderson and then at me and then at the magistrate in turn.

They both looked at Mrs. Sanderson several times, and at the lawyer defending her. And then Sergeant Boyle said to the magistrate: "The police have no evidence to offer in the case of the female defendant."

Of course, the Bench dismissed the case against Sadie.

I had to kiss Marion for a good sport when we were in the car, but she said the police hadn't even a shadow of proof to hang on Sadie as long as Jimmy stuck to his story.

We had to wait a week for the sequel.

Marion floated into my room, looking like the sunrise in spring.

"Guess what's happened," she said, taking off her gloves.

Sadie's proposed again, and

Singapore Sadie

Continued from page 24

you've at last accepted him," I said.

"Wrong!" said Marion, happily.

"Smithy's just pinched Sadie."

"Not OUR Sadie?" I gasped, shocked.

"OUR Sadie, Singapore Sadie," she said.

"She'll get off as a first offender on the first charge, but she'll go up for the limit on the other seven. Seven counts, and most of the loot in hand. We get our cut on the rewards; all of them."

I asked her what in the world she was talking about.

"Singapore Sadie, and Jimmy Sanderson, her lawfully wedded husband and pupil in crime," she said.

"Why did you think I got Sergeant Boyle to drop the charge against Sadie? They had nothing on her, of course, but they were going for a reward while they had a try."

Marion lit a cigarette.

"You're not a ghoul, though," I said.

"You had the gold and the evidence on him. Why make it double?"

"Wrong," she said, laughing. "It's because there has never been a trace of the proceeds of the other seven burglaries. There's a reward still out

in each case from the company—the usual commission. I watched them and decided they were putting on an act. Why?"

"Because, I thought, they wanted Sadie to get out of jail, for at least a while. Again why? To do something that hadn't been done, and do it quickly. So I got Boyle to withdraw the charge while leaving another open, such as complicity, in case," Marion smiled.

"Then his men followed her. Today she went to the flat where most of the proceeds of the other jobs were stored in a hidden safe, and the cops copped her in the act of stowing them in bags for removal. There were seven cases concerned, and they found something—jewellery, or numbered notes, or some other article connected with every single job."

Marion stood up to leave.

"Get the girl to make out the amount of our share of the reward at the usual percentage," she said. "And while you're about it make a note in your book—advice to burglars legally married for five years or more: 'When putting on an act, never overplay your part.'"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 3, 1950



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They Never Come Singly

Continued from page 5

PETER said he loathed him, yet he went round there several evenings a week to play bridge. But the firm was an old-established one. Peter had been with them for twenty-seven years. Nothing serious could be wrong there.

Seeing the phone gave her an idea. Dick had said "liver" jokingly, but was it his health? The doctor's booming laugh came cheerfully over the wire.

"Never been better, my dear. He was in here a few months back when he wanted to take out a new insurance policy. He's putting on weight fast and his hair's a bit thin on top, but he's perfectly fit. What made you ask?"

Nell stumbled a little over her explanation.

"I expect he's worried about something... aren't we all?" he said consolingly, as he replaced the receiver, and she was alone again.

Worried about something? Nell washed quickly, and changed to go shopping. Mentally she ticked off the things that could be worrying her husband.

Money? He groused about prices sometimes, of course, but she knew that their banking account was very reassuring. Their expenses weren't high—and neither of them had expensive tastes. Peter, of course, had begun to go out to bridge rather a lot lately.

And often to the Carters.

Nell sat down suddenly. She tried to push the idea away from her, but it returned like a malignant wasp.

The Carters... Peter hated Rudge Carter, but... Melisande Carter was an extremely pretty woman.

Nell did not like her, for she was that type of woman so difficult for other women to like. Very pretty, slim, with a rich husband who denied her nothing, a wonderful wardrobe, and a tongue that could undo any other woman's pleasure in her own clothes, own husband, and even her own life.

Melisande always left one feeling vaguely resentful against fate. She loved life and life loved her.

A chill horror went through Nell's blood. Peter was good-looking, for all the doctor might hint he was developing a paunch and going bald, and he had the most charming smile. If Peter wanted you to like him...

Nell jumped to her feet, seized her bag and shopping basket, and went down the tree-shaded road as though demons pursued her. As they did. Supposing that was Peter's trouble. He loved Melisande and wanted to marry her.

Waiting in the crowd at the butcher's, Nell fought the rising tide of sickness. It couldn't be true.

But why not? It had happened to friends of theirs many times, so why not to them? In the spotty interior behind the butcher's her own reflection suddenly faced her. Was that her? That untidy-looking woman with the sallow skin and screwed-back hair and out-of-date felt hat? She'd got out of the habit of dressing up much in the years when most of her coupons had gone for the children.

On a sudden impulse, she left the shop, ignoring the curious glances, and went into the hairdresser's next door.

"Can you give me a new hair-style, manicure and facial..." She stopped for breath, half-afraid of being amused in the young receptionist's eyes.

"One moment, Madame..." The girl consulted the book, and, by luck, Nell could be seen then and there. She fumbled in her bag, hoping she had enough money and knowing the butcher would be shut by the time she emerged.

Well, the family could have a cheese dish for once. It was far more important that she should do something drastic to save her marriage. Three hours and twenty minutes later, she gazed nervously at herself in the glass.

"It suits Madame, the new short cut." The little man with the black pointed beard pranced happily round her. "So youthful."

"Is it?" Nell took a deep breath. Sudden excitement swept through her. Perhaps if Peter saw that she was still attractive and young-looking...

One eye on her watch, she went into a frock shop and spent her last notes on a new dress. Cornflower-blue.

"Matches Modom's eyes..." the girl who served her murmured.

"My husband's favorite color," Nell said and could have bitten out her tongue. She looked quickly at the girl and imagined she saw comprehension and pity on her face.

She went home, her new-found courage beginning to subside. Perhaps Peter would be angry with her for spending the money. He might be rude, as he had been that morning about her need for slimming.

She pushed her fears away. She would treat Peter as a sick man, enlist the children's aid and they would do all they could to make him happy and not irritate him. Loving someone else's wife was just as much a disease as... as... consumption but not, she thought ruefully, as easy to cure.

She hurried—for she remembered it was Dick's half-holiday. At the gate of the house, she stopped, aghast. One hand on the gate, the other flying to her mouth.

The dining-room window was smashed—a great hole in it.

EVEN as Nell stared, the front door opened and Dick came out. He looked sheepishly at her.

"I say, Mum, I am sorry..." "So am I," she said sharply. "How did it happen?"

"Well... I was throwing a ball up over my shoulder and catching it and..."

Nell bit her lower lip. "How many times has your father told you not to do that so near the house? Really, Dick, at your age..." She stopped, seeing in his eyes accusation that she was getting "that way."

"I've said I'm sorry." He was getting sulky.

Nell managed a smile. "I know, darling, accidents will happen. If only..." She took a deep breath. "You see, Dick, Dad is very worried about something and that makes everything seem much worse to him so I want you to help me..."

His quick smile flashed out. "Okay, Mum. I'm awfully sorry about the window."

Nell hurried indoors, trying to catch up on the time she had lost, and precious little use it had been preening herself up when Peter was going to be annoyed the instant he saw the house.

She had just made tea when she heard Peggy's voice and turned. Peggy stood in the doorway of the kitchen, her white little face radiant, and her eyes huge with excitement, in her arms the tiniest and most miserable-looking kitten Nell had even seen.

"Look, Mummy, what Doctor Cox gave me. He says it's scared and ill and needs loving. Oh, Mummy, isn't it beautiful?"

Nell gulped down impotent wrath with Doctor Cox for choosing the wrong moment for one of his experiments in child psychology. Maybe the kitten was a good idea but why pick now?

Please turn to page 28

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P

PETER hated cats, said they were unhealthy, selfish, unnecessary, and she was quite sure he would refuse to let Peggy keep it.

"Yes, darling," she managed to say at last.

The kitten was given a chair at the table and had to be encouraged to lap milk, its lack-lustre eyes gazing wistfully at Peggy, who drank every drop of her own milk to demonstrate how lovely milk was!

"And Doctor Cox says the kitty must sleep with me, Mummy, and I won't need a light at night because it will keep the kitten awake and the kitten can see in the dark and its eyes are lum . . . lum . . ."

"Luminous." Dick gave her the word, sprawling over the table.

"Mummy . . . Mummy . . ." Julie called as soon as she opened the front door. Nell hurried out from the kitchen, hands wet from peeling potatoes.

Julie was alive with excitement, hugging her mother.

"Rod's mother has written to him asking if I would like to go and stay with them next week-end. Oh, Mummy, doesn't that sound . . .?" Her eyes were filled with the wonder of her future.

Nell's heart sank. "It does sound, darling . . ." She cast about in her mind for some logical reason why Julie should not ask her father that night.

"Dad in yet?" Julie asked. "Any moment now." Her mother tried to smile, feeling the old sick feeling of unhappiness inside her.

No one had noticed her hair—she had not had time to change into the new dress—dinner was going to be late—Peter would be so angry.

She locked herself in the bathroom for a precious few moments alone. Standing, pressing the backs of her hands against her eyes until she saw myriads of golden sparks against a black background.

They Never Come Singly

Continued from page 27

Quite suddenly she knew something. It was humiliating and absurd at her age to be frightened of a man's temper. If Peter were going to persist in treating her this way, then the sooner he went the better. She could not go on living under such a strain. She would give him a divorce if . . .

Divorce. The word screamed at her in all its ugliness. She sat on the edge of the bath limply.

Remember Marjorie? She divorced Frank because life with him was unendurable. And two years later had confessed to Nell that life was even more unendurable without him.

Then there'd be money to think about. She'd have to get a job. She would not want a penny from any man who had ceased to love her.

But most of all—divorce meant life without Peter.

She stood up, leaning her burning face against the cool mirror—seeing a thousand moments of happiness with him. The way his eyes could meet hers across a crowded room so that a warm, happy glow flowed over her right down to her feet. The smile she called his "special" one.

Oh, God . . . She found herself praying suddenly and humbly. I suppose I muddled things but please don't let him stop loving me. Give me another chance . . .

There was a sudden noisy banging on the door.

"Mummy . . . Mummy . . ." It was Julie's voice. "Dad's home . . ."

A hasty glance in the mirror—shiny nose—that would never do. She flung open the door and dashed for the bedroom.

"Where's your mother?" Peter's voice sounded. A second later he

stood breathless in the doorway, coat and scarf still on.

"No welcome for the tired business man to-night?" he cried gaily. Nell caught her breath. What had happened? This was her old Peter . . . her friendly darling Peter.

He came over and gathered her into his arms—giving her mouth a kiss that made her gasp a little with shock from the strength.

Julie had followed him in with her request.

"I can go, can't I, Daddy?" Nell held her breath. But Peter merely grinned.

"And why not? Give both of you a chance to see if you are serious. Living under the same roof is the best test."

Some of the tautness left Nell's body but she caught her breath again, as they went down the hall and Dick came out of the kitchen, his face flushed.

"I say, Dad, I am sorry . . ."

Peter grinned. "I know. I saw it. Well, I suppose boys will be boys, but next time you do it, my lad, you pay for the glass yourself."

"I say, Dad, that's jolly decent of you." Dick's face was bright. "I say . . ."

"What about a drink?" Peter led the way to the dining-room.

PEGGY was still sitting at the table, trying to induce the unhappy-looking kitten to lap milk off her finger, her small head inclined, her face rapt with love and anxiety.

"Hallo, Poppet." Peter went and sat down near the kitten. "What a little love . . ."

Peggy lifted her face. "And she's mine, Daddy, and she's very sick

and scared and Doctor Cox says I've got to be her mother . . ."

The air seemed full of the beating of angels' wings as Nell watched him run a gentle finger down Peggy's nose.

"Then all I can say is that it's a very lucky kitten, Poppet."

By some unspoken agreement, the children did not follow them into the lounge as Peter led the way with the drinks.

"I'll look after the dinner," Julie whispered as her mother passed her. "Dick'll help."

Dick grinned cheerfully.

Nell's bones felt as if they were made of jelly as she followed her husband and he closed the door behind them. It was very quiet in the room and she sat down, feeling absurdly nervous.

He gave her a drink. Lifted his own.

"I've a toast, my dear. Let's drink to the new manager."

Nell obeyed, puzzled. "Is there a new one?"

His face broke up into laughter. He patted his chest.

"You see him before you?"

"No, Peter? Really?" Nell was on her feet now, going to perch on the arm of his chair.

"Yes, really. They've pushed Carter out. Found he was mixed up in something shady. Had my suspicions for some time . . ."

He took her hand in his, gently rubbing his thumb over her fingers.

"Know what, Nell? I've been through something the last few months. Heard rumors they were



"Nearest exit!"

axing someone on the staff who'd been with the firm a very long time. I never thought of it being Carter. I knew he disliked me. I thought he was getting me shot out of the firm. Don't mind telling you I was scared stiff. All my plans for the children—the insurances I carry—this house—you . . ."

Peter grinned.

"It was stiff medicine to face," he said, "starting again in the mid-forties. And I'm not so young as I was. Getting a tummy and losing my hair. Who'd want me?"

Nell stared down at him. He was making light of it, but she had a brief glimpse of his suffering in the last few months. No wonder he had changed so. If only she had guessed. "Oh, darling!" She caught his hand and held it against her cheek. "Why didn't you tell me?"

In his eyes she saw mirrored the reflection of her own love.

"Because I didn't want you to worry, my dear," he said seriously. "Oh, Peter . . ." she said, and knew he wondered why she suddenly began to laugh.

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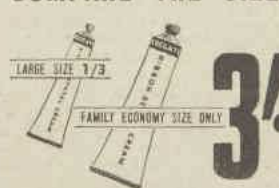
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WORTH Reporting

THE changed face of India is reflected in her new High Commissioner to Australia, the former Prince Duleep Singh, the famous English Test cricketer.

"Now that India is a republic I am no longer a prince," he told Freda Young, of our Adelaide staff. "We have no titles now. My wife and I are just Mr. and Mrs. Duleep."

In keeping with the new spirit in her country, his wife has forsaken European dress, and in future will always wear the colorful and decorative national sari. The Duleeps have been married for 14 years.

Born in 1905 into a family of Indian princes, Mr. Duleep received the name Kumar Shri Duleep Singh. "Kumar," which designated Royal birth, has now gone, but "Shri," akin to "Mr.," remains.

"Duleep" means generosity, and "Singh" lion. "Why we were ever called lions I don't know," Mr. Duleep said. "I'm no lion, and anyway, whoever heard of a generous lion? None the less, the names are old ones in our family."

Mrs. Duleep was formerly Jay Rajkumari, the latter word the equivalent of our "princess." She has a high caste spot on her forehead still, though the word Rajkumari is used no more. Her husband's name for her is "Jay Raj." She calls him Duleep.

At Jamnagar, about 400 miles from Bombay, Mr. Duleep farms the estate that has been in his family for generations. "We live very quietly, normally, and simply, just developing our land and growing the main monsoonal crops," he said. At Cambridge he took a degree in agriculture.

He has come to Australia for a year. "I am a temporary diplomat, not a professional one," he said, and added that when a year ago his Government asked him to fill this post he had to join the External Affairs Department for three months to be schooled in his duties.

This is Mr. Duleep's third visit. He came once with an English eleven, and once as cricket correspondent for an international news service. Both he and his wife speak perfect English.

THE craze for black linen wasn't the only thing that Diana Wynyard started when she was here with the Stratford Players. The fascinating English actress let it be known that she regarded the gift of a pot of chives (so good cut up as flavoring for omelets and salads) almost as favorably as the did one of orchids.

It's quite surprising the number of kitchen window-sills that now hold their pot of chives. Humble though they may be, there's undoubtedly something about them as presents that cannot help reflecting favorably the culinary knowledge of giver and receiver.



"Sure, you used to get a hundred in history. There wasn't so much to remember then."



"It wasn't easy to wrangle an introduction that made it look as though fate had destined us to meet."

U.K. child migrants hard to get

SO much is being done for underprivileged children in England that it is often difficult to get child migrants for Australia, according to visiting Englishwoman Miss Vera Grenfell.

Secretary to the English trustees appointed under the will of Lady Northcote, founder of the Northcote School at Bacchus Marsh, Victoria, Miss Grenfell has the task of selecting English child migrants.

Miss Grenfell says that wonderful old manor houses are being turned into youth hostels, and care and training of children in England have top priority. There are waiting lists of people wanting to adopt children.

The main reason that prompts English people now to part with their children is that they feel Australia may offer a better future for young people.

Chairman of the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, Miss Grenfell has done a great deal of work with youth groups. Her father, Colonel Arthur Grenfell, who lives in London, grumbles that he never sees his family.

His wife is busy as national vice-president of the Y.W.C.A., and "I am always away with my youth groups," Miss Grenfell says, "while my sister, Laura, is absorbed with work as editor of Collins' Children's Magazine."

Making show ribbons takes all year

OVER 500,000 yards of Australian wool felt are made up annually into show ribbons by one of the firms supplying Agricultural Societies throughout Australia.

Mr. Paul Denny, of the Sydney firm of Anthony Horderns, has been looking after show ribbon orders for 20 years, and this year made the Royal Easter Show 6000 ordinary prize ribbons and 2000 special fashes.

"Every year the Easter Show order gets a little bigger and we think we'll never have the ribbons ready in time, but we manage somehow," Mr. Denny told us.

For many years show ribbons were cut, made-up, and printed here from ribbon specially woven in France, but since 1936 Australian wool felt has been used.

Mr. Denny has a staff of 10 working all the year round on show ribbons. The felt, which comes in 65-inch rolls in required colors, is cut into standardized strips, and each is printed in gold with the name of its particular award.

Worked on Ritz suite for Rita and Ali

A 26-YEAR-OLD Australian was one of the interior decorators who prepared the suite at the Ritz, London, in which the Ali Khan and Rita Hayworth spent portion of their honeymoon.

He is Don Shaw, of Sydney, former C.R.T.S. student, and now lecturer in design at the East Sydney Technical College. He has just returned after working for over a year with the old-established London firm of interior decorators, Sanderson and Sons.

"Ali Khan's was a three-roomed suite decorated in three shades of lavender and gilt," Mr. Shaw said. "The couple came in on Monday and we were still working on Sunday. In fact, on the Saturday morning we were still mixing the paint."

The decoration of actor Thorley Walters' flat (he was here with Cicely Courtneidge in "Under the Counter") was the one of the jobs in which Don Shaw took part in while in London.

"It was extremely glamorous, yet masculine," he said. "We achieved the look of panelling by using pitch-pipe wallpaper."

One of his most difficult customers, he said, was Ann Todd. Because she didn't like the blue paper with white motifs made for her by his firm, all the white motifs had to be painted a bright red.

"Sandersons, who are the biggest manufacturers of wallpaper in the world, once had as an employee the famous poet and decorator, William Morris, and are still using some of his designs," Shaw said.

The newest trends in interior decoration in England, he said, are towards the use of two or three shades of the same monotone color in the one room, and brighter colors introduced in small color-accent such as lamps and cushions. Another idea is to run the wallpaper up and over the ceiling.

"After visiting Stockholm (the mecca of all modern designers) and other European capitals," Mr. Shaw said, "I've come to the conclusion that the training given students of the Sydney Tech. is equal to any in the world."

ELLIE BAILEY, of our London staff, writes to say rumor has it that the original idea for the King's much-talked-of tartan dinner jackets was suggested by the Queen. At least two copies, we learn, have already appeared in Australia, though neither is work by a Scotman. The wearer of one is a member of the Chinese community.

Teacher in Melbourne, pupils in U.S.A.

MELBOURNE pianist Manfred Clynes, who is continuing music lessons to pupils in the United States by air-mailed recordings, says he would like to see something like the Berkshire Festival (held in Massachusetts every summer) established in Australia.

Young musicians gather at a beautiful country resort called Tanglewood. Foremost members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, including conductor Koussevitzki and leading cellist Pitagorsky, advise them and give orchestral concerts.

On Easter Saturday Manfred Clynes will give in Melbourne the first performance in Australia of Bach's Goldberg variations, the biggest keyboard work ever written. He has chosen this work as this year is the 200th anniversary of Bach's death.

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Work at the Show gives housewives a lift



VETERAN Show worker Mrs. Z. Williams, of Newtown, has had 24 years' experience. Four daughters have worked with her at the Show.



FILLING SAMPLE BAGS which they will sell at the Show are three housewives; Mesdames P. P. Shatlock (left), E. Armstrong, and E. Selwood. Mrs. Selwood has worked at the Royal Easter Show for 20 years.



ALL SHOW WORKERS. Mrs. E. Taylor (right) and her two daughters, Mrs. A. McKinley and Mrs. D. Dickson, help with a practice batch of scones such as Mrs. Taylor will demonstrate daily at the Nestles exhibit at the Royal Easter Show, Sydney.



AT WORK on automatic sweet bag sealer at Cadbury's factory, Mrs. M. O'Shanessy helps prepare show samples. When this job is finished she will continue as a Show worker.



TRAINED HOOVER DEMONSTRATOR, Mrs. Melba Kellner shows a washing machine to temporary workers, Mrs. Lily Headrick and Mrs. Ellen Torg.

Husbands do home chores while wives earn nest egg

By PATRICIA GIFFNEY, staff reporter

Fifty thousand pounds in wages will be distributed during the ten days of the Royal Easter Show in Sydney to approximately 2500 women who will staff the manufacturers' exhibits.

For the majority of these women the holiday season of Easter is their annual work time, the only period that they take jobs outside their own homes.

MOST of them are housewives who for the ten days of the Show's duration leave their homes in the care of husbands, mothers, or grown-up daughters.

Another smaller group consists of those who work at other jobs the year through, and arrange their annual leave for this time so that they can spend it working at the Show.

Financially, the Show is well worth while for them. Most members of the staffs on exhibits make anything from £20 to £30 for their 10 days' work—including, of course, overtime for night work, and double pay for holidays.

But it is not only the good money which every year brings hundreds of applicants for the positions available or, still more, brings back the same workers year after year.

One staff manager drew attention to this when he told me:

"It is something more than money which attracts the same casual workers every year.

"The traditional Show atmosphere, the companionship with other workers, and the contacts with people of every sort make those 10 days of hard work really worth while to women who otherwise live in the limited circle of their own suburbs."

Mrs. E. Selwood, who has been working at the Sydney Showground with Cadbury Fry Pascall Pty., Ltd., for 20 years, is so enthusiastic about Show work that every August she travels to Brisbane to work on Cadbury's exhibit at the Exhibition Week Show.

"I just love Show work, and wouldn't miss either of the Shows I attend," Mrs. Selwood said.

Mrs. J. Murphy, of Enmore, who with her friend and neighbor, Mrs. D. Jeffrey, has been working at the Sydney Show as a milk bar attendant for five years, said:

"We went out there just by chance the first year. Now we wouldn't miss it for anything.

"You begin to take a special interest in your own exhibit, and you

meet such wonderful people, too. "Everybody comes to the Show." Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Jeffrey, however, are comparative newcomers to the Show.

Even though they are the mothers of just-grown-up families, they are regarded by the old hands as "young hopefuls"—ones who will take over and carry on the tradition of continued service when age forces the retirement of the "old brigade."

These younger ones, who have qualified by several years' work, are considered as a group apart from the transient staff which each year inevitably brings, who serve under the established workers, and who will probably not be seen again the following year.

But once the spirit of the Show has really established its hold nothing but age or serious ill-health seems to be able to induce a retirement.

One of the exhibit organisers, speaking of a senior worker, said:

"She says this will be her last year, but she's said it many times before. I'll believe she has retired from her Show work when I hear she is dead."

One of the record holders for long service is Mrs. E. Taylor, of Under-

cliffe, who for 25 years has worked in the Nestles pavilion.

"It's the only work outside the home I ever do," she said, "and I find it a great thrill. We feel that we are more than workers, more like shareholders in our exhibit."

So enthusiastic is Mrs. Taylor about her quarter of a century service that she has introduced her daughters, Mrs. A. McKinley and Mrs. D. Dickson, and her sister, Mrs. M. Whiteman, to it.

Next in seniority is another worker at the Nestles pavilion, Mrs. Z. Williams, who has been going out there for 24 years.

Mrs. Williams' career as a Show worker began when one of her babies was awarded the championship in the Lakemba Baby Show, and she came in contact with the makers of the food on which the baby had been fed.

Since then, four of her daughters have worked with her at the Show.

"My eight children are all married now, so I am quite alone in my small home, and look forward to the break the Show will bring me," Mrs. Williams said.

A worker for 18 years at the Show, Mrs. D. Parker, of Narrabeen, is another enthusiast about this annual engagement.

The rest of the year she looks after her home and does a lot of voluntary work, particularly for the women's auxiliary of the War Veterans' Home. "The Show is something different," she said.

Another worker who looks on her Show service as a break is Miss Thelma Menser, who spends the rest of the year looking after her mother at their home at Clovelly.

Miss Menser has been working at the Show for six years, and is a ticket seller for sample products.



WELCOME for another year's Show work for Mrs. D. Jeffrey and Mrs. J. Murphy, of Enmore, from Mr. Clyde Abigail, of Nestles Ltd., who has organised his firm's Show exhibit for 29 years.



"SO IT'S BATH TIME!
Wonder can I beat it to the back paddock and hide?



"NOT A CHANCE of escaping. They were waiting round that shed for me and now it's scrub, scrub, scrub . . .



"WHAT I HAVE TO SUFFER
just because my pop is a champ! They think I might be one, too,



"DON'T I LOOK LIKE a chip off the old block? Dad, who is Denbigh Harry, was a champion at last year's Easter Show, and I'll be old enough to do him proud at next year's Show."

Glamor for the dairy

DAIRY cattle on this page were photographed by staff photographer Ron Berg at "Denbigh," Norellan, N.S.W., which has been in the McIntosh family for generations and is noted throughout Australia for Ayrshires bred on the property. Some of the cattle will appear at this year's Show, but others are too young yet. They have varied temperaments, but kind treatment during their calfhood usually results in docile behaviour when they reach the milking age.



OFF TO THE SHOW. The Denbigh girls, Ladylove and Raindrop, with 12-months-old bull calf Denbigh Buccleuth, son of Nether Craig Barbara, put their heads together to decide their chances of carrying off awards at this year's Show.



PROUD MOTHERS. Denbigh Nan, Nether Craig Barbara, Denbigh Raema, and Denbigh Coleen gaze at the kindergarden where their offspring frolic. Barbara, from Scotland, was champion Ayrshire cow at last year's Royal Easter Show.



CALF LOVE. Two baby Ayrshires exchange a morning greeting. Calves are affectionate and respond to kindness. They are taken from their mothers soon after they are born and are fed on a gallon of milk daily for the first six weeks.



CHAMPION DENBIGH HARRY with his small daughter Leading Lady, who is a potential champion and will be groomed carefully until ready to be exhibited. Harry was Reserve Champion bull at the Castle Hill, N.S.W., Show.



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Simon's Wife

Continued from page 7

EYEING Cordelia curiously, Simon asked, "How did you know that I liked three lumps of sugar in my tea?"

"Did I put in three lumps?" she asked, flushing. And how could she forget how he liked his tea? Had she not poured it for him on their honeymoon?

"You did," he said. "I must be psychic," she said, laughing nervously.

"That's a dangerous thing to be," he said, smiling back at her.

"It is," she said recklessly, "but then I'm a very dangerous woman." For heaven's sake be careful, Cordelia, she cried inwardly. Do you want to wreck everything?

He looked at her narrowly, but turned to Joe and said, "I went along to see you, but I found no one there but the dog and your father sound asleep."

"He sleeps most of the time these days," said Joe.

"Best thing to do on a day like this," said Simon, helping himself to bread and jam. "How about your hay, did you get it in?"

"I did," said Joe.

"Good crop?" asked Simon.

"Could be worse," replied Joe.

"I never knew a farmer yet who would admit he had a bumper crop of anything," said Simon.

"I expect they're afraid of tempting the gods," said Cordelia.

She would be careful to-morrow and all the to-morrows for the rest of her life, she thought, but let her be natural and enjoy this brief interlude of Simon's company without regrets for the past, nor fear for the future. Let her have at least this to remember.

The two men had continued their conversation. She had not been listening.

"Would you?" Joe asked her suddenly.

"Oh, yes, of course," she said, smiling happily.

"You haven't been listening," said Simon, almost sharply. "Would you really like to live in Alaska?"

"I'd love it in the right company," she said.

"I see," said Simon. "It's people that matter to you more than places."

"Much more," said Cordelia.

"That's what my wife always used to say," said Simon.

A sudden silence fell on them at his remark, as if the ghost of that wife had entered the room, as if the young Cordelia had materialised out of the past and was sitting with them.

"I was really sorry to hear about all that," said Joe gently, "I haven't

liked to say anything before, but that was rotten luck, you being a prisoner and all . . . and she . . . well, perhaps you were lucky in a way to have any girl love you that much, sir. It isn't many men are loved like that."

I can't sit and listen to this, thought Cordelia wildly, I must speak. Simon, too, has put me on a pedestal—what chance of happiness has he with that imaginary Juliet in his mind? But before she could collect her confession into coherent words, Joe was speaking once more.

"What was she like?" he asked.

"She was just a child," replied Simon, taking out his pipe and filling it. "In a way Mrs. Hart reminds me of her, or what she might have grown into, though she was thinner and smaller and her hair was quite different."

"She must have been pretty," said Joe.

"I . . . she . . ." began Cordelia, but as she spoke the door into the passage opened and Evelyn walked in carrying the tea tray.

The two men rose to their feet and Simon took the tray from her and put it on the table, but Cordelia remained seated. The nearness of the confession that she had been about to make had taken all the strength from her limbs.

She sat there staring stupidly up at Evelyn's white face, from which anger had drained every trace of color; nor could her eyes look straight at any one of them, so intense was her rage; their glances darted here and there as if they were rapier points searching out the most vulnerable spot in which to make their kill.

When she spoke, though the words were controlled, her voice could not hold them together. They came out jerkily, ending in a little gasp that hung on the air as if it were a punctuation mark that did not know whether it were a dash or a comma.

"So . . . here . . . you . . . are," she said, "having . . . tea . . . in . . . the . . . kitchen . . ."

"I was so wet I came in the back way," said Simon. "You know Joe, of course."

A sharp nod acknowledged Joe's presence, rather than recognised any previous acquaintanceship.

"Sitting . . . here in . . . your shirt sleeves," said Evelyn, "as if . . . please come with me . . . please come . . ." She turned to the open door, blindly groping for the handle. "Come . . ." she said, and went out.

Please turn to page 34



"I was just as unreasonable when we were first married, but you thought it was cute."



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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have been carried by a huge bird to Roc Island, where **PRINCESS NARDA:** Also finds herself, after another huge bird has seized her aeroplane and then dropped it.

THE BARON: Ruler of Roc Island, has trained these monster birds to carry things to him. He has overmastered Mandrake, by blind-folding and binding him, and has set Lothar to clean out the enormous nests where the rocs live: **NOW READ ON.**



THE SKY GIANT RETURNS TO ITS NEST--WORKING THERE, LOTHAR LOOKS UP IN TERROR AS THE COLOSSUS GLIDES DOWN.



HE CLIMBS DOWN HURRIEDLY THROUGH THE NEST OF INTERWOVEN TREE TRUNKS, WHICH CREAK AND BEND, AS THE GREAT ROC SETTLES UPON THEM.



ON THE MOVE NOW, LOTHAR DOESN'T LET A LITTLE MATTER LIKE TWO ARMED GUARDS STOP HIM.



IN THE CASTLE, NARDA IS PRESENTED TO THE BARON. "AH, THIS TIME MY FEATHERED FRIENDS HAVE BROUGHT ME A REAL TREASURE!" HE EXCLAIMS.



"WE'LL SKIP THE FORMALITIES," HE ADDS. "ROC ISLAND NEEDS A QUEEN!"--NARDA SLAPS HIM SOUNDLY.--HE LAUGHS--"A QUEEN WITH SPIRIT--JUST LIKE YOU!"



"FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO SUDDEN," SAYS THE BARON. "IT'S SO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN A PRETTY GIRL--IT'S A PLEASURE EVEN TO BE SLAPPED BY ONE."



IN ANOTHER ROOM OF THE CASTLE, LOTHAR OVERPOWERS THE GUARD AND FREES MANDRAKE. "HURRY," HE WHISPERS. "NARDA HERE."



AS THEY STEAL ALONG THE CORRIDOR, A VOICE SUDDENLY CALLS, "HALT!"--IT'S THE BARON'S RADIO OPERATOR--"DON'T MOVE!" HE WARNS.



TO BE CONTINUED

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4 oz. butter.
4 oz. sugar.
3 eggs.
3 tablespoons milk.
4 oz. s.r. flour containing "Aerophos"
4 oz. desiccated coconut.

Cream butter and sugar; add well-beaten eggs; add flour and milk alternately and finally stir in coconut. Bake in a moderate oven in a log tin (300-375°) for from 35 to 40 minutes.

The secret of getting a nice moist coconut cake is to use equal parts of flour and coconut, mixing in all the weight of flour if the cake was plain. "Aerophos" ensures that this moistness is retained for days.

Fondant Frosting:

Boil together 2 cups white sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk for 7 minutes. Add a small piece of butter and flavouring and beat well until the mixture thickens. Spread over the cake immediately.

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HT 7

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And now for the first time you are getting the full value of nourishing, sun-ripened wheat, PLUS the gentle laxative properties of bran. Ask for Kellogg's Bran Flakes. Serve them to all your family.

What do you see
— when you open the packet? You see crisp, firm, honey-brown flakes.

What happens
— when you add milk? Each flake stays crisp and firm. They don't lie down — never go limp and soggy.



**Kellogg's
BRAN
FLAKES**

— specially good for children

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 32

TURNING back to Cordelia, Simon said courteously, "If you'll excuse me, I'd better go. Thanks for the tea — he seeing you, Joe." He followed his sister out, quietly shutting the door behind him. Joe sank back in his chair. "Well," he said, "there's one lucky chap."

"Lucky!" repeated Cordelia. She felt defeated, flattened mentally and physically.

"Yes," replied Joe. "The one who didn't marry her, if there ever was one silly enough to risk asking her. Mind if I smoke?"

"No," said Cordelia dully.

He took out a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and handed them to her, and she took one mechanically, though she seldom smoked.

"Yes," said Joe. "Taking out a lighter and opening it, he held the little flame first to her cigarette and then his own."

"I remember her when I was a kid, always tagging round after Simon to stop him playing with my young brother. Those common boys, she used to say. Not, mind you, that it was all her fault," he went on fairly. "She never went away to school, and she had one of those governesses who had been with a duchess or some such, and she tried to turn Evelyn into the worst kind of snob."

He put his hand on Cordelia's shoulder, giving it a little pat.

"Cheer up, now," he said, "and if she starts again, you come over to the farm, see?"

"You're very kind, but I shall be all right," said Cordelia.

"No," he said, "it's not kindness, but I'll say no more now... Well,

cherio, and thanks for the tea," and moving to the door, he thrust his feet into his boots, and, flung his cape over his shoulders, he went out.

I can't stay here any longer after what happened today, thought Cordelia, as the door closed behind him. I can't bear any more of such scenes and suspicions. Taking the cigarette from her mouth, she dropped it into her cup of tea. It gave a little hiss as it died in the dregs.

Rising, she washed up the tea things, and, when she had put away the cups and plates, she sat down to her mending; but her thoughts would not let her rest. It was during the night, as she lay awake unable to sleep, that the thought suddenly struck her. If Simon married Dolores, then he would be committing bigamy, too. She would simply have to tell him who she was, and offer to divorce him so that he could marry Dolores if he wanted to. Cost what it might, she must find him first thing in the morning and tell him the whole shameful truth. Why had she never seen it clearly before?

She fell asleep firm in this resolve and it still remained with her next morning when Evelyn came into the kitchen. Evelyn was paler than ever, her eyes were red rimmed as if she had spent the night weeping, her lips so tightly set that they looked like a wound in the pallor of her face.

"There will be only two far breakfast," she said harshly.

"Only two?" repeated Cordelia, heralding over the range to hide the quick torch of color that flamed into her cheeks.

"Mr. Sandy-Brown has gone to London on business," said Evelyn.

"Will he be back to dinner?" asked Cordelia, breathlessly.

"No," said Evelyn, and, taking the tray that Cordelia had prepared,

went from the kitchen.

If Simon has gone I can't tell him, was Cordelia's first reaction of relief. If Simon has gone I can never tell him, was her second thought of despair. Why had he gone? Had he gone alone? Or was the late?

Seating herself after making the tea, she poured herself out a cup, drinking it down in great draughts, scalding her throat and tongue in an attempt to bring some warmth to her chilled spirit, holding her hands round the heat of the cup, unable to eat in her distress.

For how long had Simon gone? She felt as if the see-saw of the last days had let her down with a bang, throwing her off into the dust; as if Fate had abandoned the play without warning, to find another more entertaining game.

She was still sitting at the table when Evelyn came in once more. She threw an envelope on the dresser, and, taking down the slate, scribbled the day's menus in silence, except for the squeaking of the pencil. When she had done, she spoke without looking at Cordelia.

"As we are only two now," she said, "we will not need further help. You had better take a week's notice."

"Oh!" said Cordelia faintly. So Simon had gone for good, and how was she to find him?

"Are you sure that you can manage alone?" she asked desperately. If she left, her only link with Simon would be broken, and the further the chance of telling him the truth about herself went from her, the greater did her need seem to become to make that confession.



"Yes," said Evelyn. "I can manage alone."

"Very well," she said quietly. "Perhaps it would be better if I went on Friday as I came on a Friday."

"Certainly," said Evelyn, "and you needn't expect a reference. I was a fool to take you without one; but no doubt you will find other fools."

How very unhappy she must be to want to make others so unhappy, thought Cordelia, aloof now from anger in her sense of Evelyn's unimportance to herself.

"And you can take that cat with you," said Evelyn shrilly, as the little creature woke from its sleep by the fire, arching its back and stretching out to tear at the hearth-mat with its sharp claws.

"Very well," said Cordelia, as Evelyn went out, banging the door with such violence that the crockery rattled on the table as if it were commenting on her lack of control.

Moving to the dresser, Cordelia picked up the envelope that Evelyn had thrown there, and opened it. A booklet fell out with a colored picture of Queen Nefertiti on the cover. The Egyptian queen stared up at her as inscrutably as if she were the Sphinx.

Please turn to page 36

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

BLOUSED fullness at the top of the silhouette is a new and attractive autumn and winter fashion, and I suggest this style for a reader's winter dress.

An easy top

"PLEASE give me your advice about a design to disguise a figure fault. I am terribly thin, and never seem to look anything in clothes, however much money I pay out. Just now I have found a dress-maker who has promised to make me a woollen dress, so I wondered if you could sketch a style for me."

A belted one-piece with an easy top, made so by the sleeves and shoulders cut in one and by a deep yoked seam detail, would be a perfect current fashion to flatter your figure. I have illustrated the design. Note pockets placed at back of hips as a pleasant diversion.

Dual purpose

"I WOULD like to have a double purpose suit this autumn, and wondered if you could give me some of your ideas. The suit is for day wear, but I also want it suitable at night for semi-formal occasions."

Winter navy is very new, so my first suggestion is that you choose it in wool for your suit. Another advantage with navy is that it can be dressed up to look quite formal. The newest suit jacket designs are belted and slightly bloused or boxy in cut, and reach just to the hipline. Which-ever line you decide on, the skirt should be as slim as your figure can

take it. You will need two blouses—one casual, one formal. For the casual blouse, I like the idea of white cotton, with a white pique tucked front finished with a little high collar. A formal blouse would look terrifically chic and new made in coarse white lace cut camisole shape, and finished with wideish shoulder straps.

Cap or helmet

"WHAT type of hat would be suitable for my daughter, who is 16½ years? I have made her a tailored suit with a velvet collar, and now, as I am rather handy with my needle, I thought I ought to make the hat."

A little velvet jockey cap is very popular for the 16 and 18 years age group. Another type that is new-looking is the helmet made in wool jersey. It can also be made in velvet, or crocheted in heavy sports wool.

Worn with navy

"NAVY-BLUE is a favorite color of mine, and I have worn it for some years, finished with touches of white. As it suits me better than most colors, I would like you to offer



THIS style shows the current fullness at the top of the silhouette.

a suggestion for another shade to combine with it."

Navy with lime, with mauve, with red and white are three popular color schemes. Another chic way to enliven navy is with polka dots either in blue and white or red and white.

Helen

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



Mary-Ann

Nora

"MARY-ANN."—Attractive maternity suit. The skirt is moderately slim with ample room for adjustment. The jacket has a swing-back and is finished with white sharkskin collar and cuffs. The material is a navy tussora printed with a white spot.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 63/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 65/11. Postage 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 48/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage 2/6 extra.

"HELEN."—Smart one-piece with a cross-over roll collar and slim skirt. The material is a fine marle frocking obtainable in light grey, sunset-gold, apple-green, mid-brown, and junior navy.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 65/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 67/9. Postage 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 51/3. Postage 2/6 extra.

"NORA."—A dressing-gown made in a comfortable cross-over style has full skirt and three-quarter-length sleeves. The material is a floral seersucker. Color choice includes red and navy, dusty-pink and black, turquoise and pink, and pale blue and navy all printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 77/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage 2/11 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 62/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 63/9. Postage 2/11 extra.

• N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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A LETTER

accompanying the booklet informed Cordelia that the agency would do all in its power to help her if she decided to visit Egypt.

Aunt Harriet must have written to the travel agency in her name, thought Cordelia, smiling in spite of her anxiety. Perhaps Aunt Harriet would know where Simon had gone. She would ask her.

The old lady was alone in the morning-room when Cordelia took in her tea a little later.

"Sit down," she said. "It's a long time since you spared me a moment. Sit down, I say."

"This came for you this morning," said Cordelia, ignoring her command, as she handed her the booklet. "It was addressed to me, that's why I opened it."

The old lady chuckled. "Yes," she said, "I've been taking your name in vain, you see."

She stretched out an eager hand and took the booklet. "You didn't seem to be doing anything about it, and you grudging me even a moment of your valuable time, so I wrote myself, and gave the letter to William to post."

She flicked over the pages greedily. "Lovely . . ." she muttered, "lovely . . . makes me want to start off there to-morrow."

"Have you got a passport?" asked Cordelia.

"No," said Aunt Harriet. "I suppose I'll have to get one . . . lot of nonsense. It's God's earth. Why shouldn't His creatures be allowed to use it without all this balderdash of filling in forms? They'll be putting restrictions on the birds emigrating next!"

"Perhaps Mr. Sandys-Brown could advise you about getting a passport," said Cordelia, edging his name into the conversation.

"Listen to this," said Aunt Harriet, reading from the booklet:

"The sun slips over the western hills in a blaze of glory. Twilight falls and lingers. The palm trees are silhouetted against the light. The camels with their load, the ever-flowing traffic on the path . . . native carts, people, beasts . . . are thrown into relief."

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 34

As Cordelia tried to break in, she went on, "and to this 'after dinner we sit on deck sipping Turkish coffee. Standing by are dragomans ever helpful and courteous . . . Oh, yes, yes, indeed, we'll take in that trip up the Nile."

"You can't take a trip anywhere without a passport," persisted Cordelia. "Do you think your nephew could see about it, as he is in town?"

"He might," said Aunt Harriet absently, "but he isn't here."

"Has he gone away for long?" asked Cordelia.

"He told me that he was going up to town to look for a car," replied Aunt Harriet. "But, of course, that was just an excuse to get away. No one rushes off to London on a Sunday evening to look for a car. Evelyn's driven him away as I knew she would, trying to make his life for him. It has surprised me that you've stayed so long."

"I'm not staying much longer," said Cordelia.

"Taking her brother's defection out on you, is she?" said Aunt Harriet shrewdly. "The woman's a fool, even if she is my niece, and I shouldn't be discussing her. Can't you stand it a little longer for my sake?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Cordelia. "I've been given notice."

"Confound the woman!" said Aunt Harriet explosively. "Never thinks of anyone but herself. Well, I shan't stay if you go, but it's a great nuisance. My London flat is let, and I shall have to live with a lot of scrabbling old hens in a hotel till I can get abroad. It's too tiresome of Evelyn. Why has she given you notice?"

"I suppose I don't suit her," said Cordelia.

"No one suits her," said the old lady, "but it's never her own fault. Has she given you a good reference?"

"That doesn't matter," said Cordelia evasively. "I don't need one."

"Going to marry Joe Cobden?" asked Aunt Harriet.

"Good heavens, no," cried Cordelia. "Whatever makes you ask that?"

"Oh, I hear things," said Aunt Harriet. "I think you're wise, he's not your sort. Well, that settles it, you shall come to Egypt with me."

"It's very good of you . . ." began Cordelia.

"It's not good of me at all," said Aunt Harriet testily. "I merely want someone pleasant and capable to go with me and look after the tickets and tipping and hook me into my clothes and out of trouble."

"Perhaps your nephew would go with you," said Cordelia.

"My nephew is a nice boy, but he'd be useless as a lady's maid," retorted Aunt Harriet. "I want you. If you don't want to come, say so."

"It's all so difficult," sighed Cordelia.

"It's not difficult at all," replied Aunt Harriet. "Well, think it over but go away now. I want to read about the Sphinx."

THERE was a great deal to do before Friday, thought Cordelia, as she sat over her lunch. She must make some arrangement about Nap, for even if she had the heart to remove the horse from Stubbs' loving care, she certainly could not travel with that ancient animal.

She must go and say good-bye to Mrs. Dove. She must find a basket for the cat. She must have a talk about Stubbs' future with his mother. There were letters to be written to the bank, to the hotel, and she hadn't posted that letter to Mr. Betts yet!

Her mind felt as if it were a beehive, buzzing with the thoughts of all she must do.

She decided to go and see Mrs. Stubbs that very evening.

When she arrived there, the back door was open, and through it she could see Mrs. Stubbs ironing one of Evelyn's undergarments.

As Cordelia knocked at the door, Mrs. Stubbs straightened and looked towards it.

MRS. STUBBS

was a squarely built little woman, with Stubbs' red hair drawn tightly back from her pale face. Her eyes were not brown like her son's, but a light blue with no depth in them.

"Good evening," said Cordelia, pausing on the threshold. "I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"Well . . . no," said Mrs. Stubbs ungraciously, "come in."

"Don't let me stop you ironing," said Cordelia as she entered.

"No, I won't," said Mrs. Stubbs. "Take a chair." She motioned with her head towards the row of wooden chairs that stood like well-drilled soldiers against the farther wall, and returned to her ironing as Cordelia seated herself.

"It's been a good drying day," said Mrs. Stubbs, "so I'm getting on with it. I don't believe in wasting time."

The warm scent of freshly ironed, sun-dried linen hung on the air with the staler smell of old frying. It was the neatest kitchen, for all the piles of laundry, that Cordelia had ever seen. It was difficult to picture Stubbs in such surroundings.

Thump . . . thump . . . went the iron across Evelyn's underwear beneath Mrs. Stubbs' determined, steady hand.

"I've come to see you about your son," said Cordelia. "I'm Mrs. Hart, the housekeeper at the Court."

Thump went the iron as if no comment were needed on this statement.

"But I'm leaving," went on Cordelia, "so I thought I'd come and have a word with you about Stubbs . . . and about the horse."

"Meaning Viv?" asked Mrs. Stubbs.

"Yes," said Cordelia.

"Humph," sniffed Mrs. Stubbs. "Time something was said about him and that old horse. He spends all his time with it, and my neighbor says if he misses any more of his carrots he'll have the law on him."

Again the iron thumped down hard, and Cordelia flushed. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I didn't know about this."

Please turn to page 37

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IGNORING Cordelia's worried comment, Mrs. Stubbs went on, "And teacher said if Viv don't mend his ways and do better at his books, he'll stay down at the end of the year. He spends all his time in school drawing horses, she says." She folded Evelyn's underwear, and flung a shirt of Simon's on the ironing board.

There was a button hanging by a thread, Cordelia noticed. Could she ask Mrs. Stubbs to give her a needle and cotton so that she might sew it on more firmly?

No, she decided, looking at the woman's unfriendly face, she could expect nothing of Mrs. Stubbs, though she must do her best on the boy's behalf.

"He's so fond of horses," she said. "Which is no reason he should idle, and steal, and souse me," retorted Mrs. Stubbs.

"No, no, I quite agree," said Cordelia. "I want to help him."

Without speaking, Mrs. Stubbs smacked down her cooling iron on the stove behind her, and picked up its fellow that had been beating there, holding it a few inches from her cheek to test its warmth.

"I mean," went on Cordelia earnestly, "he does seem so genuinely interested in horses; most small boys of his age would have tired of all the trouble of looking after Nap long ago. And I wondered if you would be willing to let me help him about his future."

She added hastily, "Of course, I haven't said anything to him about this yet before talking it over with you, but I wondered if it would be possible to apprentice him to some racing stable when he's old enough, perhaps to the one where his uncle works."

"It's Stubbs' brother works there, not mine," said Mrs. Stubbs, bending to her ironing once more. "I don't know as I approve of horse-racing."

"It's a healthy, open-air life," said Cordelia, "and if his heart is set on horses it might be the best solution for his future, don't you think? You see, I'm afraid that Nap is not a young horse. I don't think he can live much longer."

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 36

"As anyone with half an eye could see before they paid good money out for such a creature," said Mrs. Stubbs, "filling the boy's head with such notions, too."

"His head was filled with them before the horse was bought," said Cordelia, "from a film that he saw."

"I always did say the films was the ruin of kids," said Mrs. Stubbs with gloomy satisfaction, "but Viv said all the others go, so I let him. And what does it lead to but a lot of nonsense, and Viv busting open

there would be his outfit to buy..."

"There's no money for no outfits," declared Mrs. Stubbs. "I've had four children, all of 'em boys, and Stubbs, he only gets a ditcher's wages; but we done our best for the older ones and now it's time we thought of ourselves. Viv can go to work as soon as he leaves school, and the sooner the better, for I'm sick and tired slaving myself to an early grave."

She put aside the ironed shirt as she finished speaking and seized a sheet from the pile behind her, as if it were a shroud she feared she might need at any moment.



his money-box to help pay for an old wreck of a horse that he has to steal food for. I tanned him good and hard when I found that money gone."

"That worried me, too," said Cordelia, flinching at the thought of that heavy hand on Stubbs' small person, "but of course I'll pay him back. You see, he did want to feel the horse was partly his."

"Lot of good that's done him," sniffed Mrs. Stubbs.

"I don't know if one pays for a boy to be apprenticed at a stables," went on Cordelia manfully, "and

"I'd be willing to pay for the outfit and everything," said Cordelia.

Mrs. Stubbs put down the sheet on the ironing board and looked across at her, suspicion narrowing her pale eyes.

"Why?" she asked bluntly.

"Because I've grown very fond of Stubbs... I mean Viv," replied Cordelia, hastily correcting herself as Mrs. Stubbs looked even more suspiciously at her. "I've come into a little money," she went on, "and as I have no children of my own I thought I would like to do something to help Viv."

FOR a few minutes Mrs. Stubbs stood in silence, smoothing the sheet.

"If Viv got to be a jockey he might come to earn a tidy sum," she said at last.

"He might if he were a good one," agreed Cordelia, "and he's the right build, stocky and small."

Mrs. Stubbs sniffed. "Were you wanting to adopt Viv?" she asked, after another pause.

"Oh, no," said Cordelia. "I wouldn't want to take him away from you."

"Well, it beats me what you expect to get out of it then," said Mrs. Stubbs, beginning to iron once more.

"The pleasure of feeling that Stubbs—I mean—Viv will be doing what he wants to do," replied Cordelia. "He's going to be terribly hurt when he realises the truth about Nap, but if I could tell him too that he'll have a chance to be a real jockey one day, it will be some compensation. May I tell him?"

"Could you put it in writing?" asked Mrs. Stubbs. "I mean to say, we don't want to fill the boy's head with a lot of fancy notions so that he's too set up to work honest if anything happens to you."

"Certainly," said Cordelia coldly, and rose from the chair. "I will set a sum of money aside for him in trust and have a legal document drawn up."

"I wasn't meaning we wouldn't trust you," said Mrs. Stubbs, apology crawling into her voice at Cordelia's change of tone. "Only accidents do happen to the healthiest, and I wouldn't want Viv to be disappointed."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," said Cordelia, trying to believe that Stubbs' welfare was the real incentive for Mrs. Stubbs' caution. "Then I may tell him?"

"Can if you like," said Mrs. Stubbs ungraciously. "Thank you," she added, grudgingly. The heavy thump of her ironing followed Cordelia out of the cottage and down the garden path.

That was one problem solved, Cordelia thought. The worst was yet to come, but right now, she must see Stubbs.

To be continued

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Camelia
SANITARY NAPKINS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 1, 1950

Just for Fun

Continued from page 9

GEORGE came in. "Hallo, Dorothy," he said. "Well, it's all—good to see you, too."

She took his hat, and, as she placed it on the hall table and then led him towards the living-room, she kept talking. He was looking so well. But he'd got a bit fatter, hadn't he? Not that it didn't suit him, because it did most definitely.

She had seated herself on the sofa while he, more cautious and more wary, sat opposite. Her hands were busy over the tray, and now, looking across at him fondly, she said, "Why, George, this is the first time I've ever seen you in civilian clothes."

"That's right. It is, isn't it?" said the young man. His eyes had been roaming the room. "Nice place," he said appreciatively and with respect and possibly with just a faint note of surprise. "Very nice."

She ignored the tribute, her mind apparently wandering back in gentle nostalgia.

"Three years ago," she said, and sighed. "It seems a lifetime, doesn't it? And so much has happened since."

She held a glass towards him, and he rose to accept it. "Well, here you are. Scotch and water. See? I remember!" She lifted her own glass. "Cheers, darling. And happy days and all that."

He drank.

"What's that you've got there?"

She nodded.

"Isn't it ridiculous. Imagine—me, of all people. But I used to drink far more than I ought, and then get ill-tempered. All that quarrelling and those scenes and those awful, awful—"

She broke off, and then looked at him with great seriousness. "Tell me, George, how did you ever, for as long as you were going out with me, how did you ever put up with me?"

A sudden flush appeared in the young man's cheeks. "I—ah—"

But the rest of his words were lost in the glass which he again raised to his lips.

"Of course," she said. "I know now why I drank so much. It was because I was so miserable. And now that I'm not miserable—in fact, just the opposite—I don't feel the need to drink at all."

"Um," said the young man. He cleared his throat. "How long have you been married, Dorothy?"

"Two and a half years. It was—let's see—it was just about six months after you went back home."

Her tone seemed to assume a special significance. "You know, when your mother was so ill. Do you remember?"

"Yes," said the young man, somewhat uncomfortable. "Yes, I remember."

"Did your mother ever get well, George?" she asked solicitously.

"Oh, yes. She got well. She's fine."

She nodded. "I thought she would," she said. "I was practically certain of it."

Smiling, she cradled her glass between her palms, gazed down into it, and then spoke reflectively though not bitterly. "You know, George, I probably might as well tell you that I really hated you for a time then. There wasn't even a letter. Not one single letter. Not even a postcard."

He was silent, and he shifted uneasily in his chair. "I suppose it was rather a mean trick," he said. "But we weren't hitting it off, you know we weren't. And things were getting so—"

He stopped, and seemed to grope for the proper word and not find it.

"Complicated, maybe? Messy? Involved?"

"All right. Involved."

"For you, you mean. Not for me. I knew what I wanted. Or at least I thought I did."

He became slightly self-defensive. "I admitted it was a mean trick, didn't I? I apologised. I—"

She looked across at him, and she shook her head. Her manner was friendly, even generous.

"Darling, she said, 'you needn't apologise. I suppose in a way it wasn't the most chivalrous conduct in the world, but for me it turned out to be—well, the most wonderful thing that ever happened, though I didn't realise it at the time. Because it was shortly after that that I met Tim. And perhaps if you'd still been there I wouldn't have."

He had got up from his chair and had gone towards the two tall windows, where he stood looking out. "You're pretty happy, aren't you, Dorothy?" he said.

Her answer came to him like a sigh. "Oh, George, you'll never know."

He turned and was now standing in front of the silver-framed photograph. He indicated it with a gesture. "Is this—Tim?"

"Yes," she said. "That's Tim."

"Nice-looking."

She had risen and was starting towards the hall. "It doesn't half do him justice. He's handsomer than that—much." Turning, she beckoned to the young man. "But if you want to see something really handsome, you just follow me."

He did follow her, and she led him into the nursery, entering stealthily and with a warning finger at her lips. Drink in hand, he stood looking down at the sleeping infant. "Fine," he said. "A grand youngster."

"Oh, now, George, surely you can do better than that. He's more than just fine." She was engaged in several small maternal operations—the adjustment of a blanket, the straightening of a pillow, the hand held to the window to detect a possible draught.

DOROTHY turned back to George, waiting. "Well, you know," he said. "I—well, I never can think of anything to say about a baby. And then, inspirationally, he did think of something to say, something brilliant. "How old is he?"

"Ten months." Carelessly, yet with an affectionate pressure, she placed her hand on the young man's sleeve. "George, my dear, you really ought to get married. You really, really should."

"Um-hum. I suppose so."

From the nursery the girl led the young man on a conducted tour of the entire flat, because, she said, they had been so lucky to get it, and she wanted him to see everything.

Although she displayed a natural pride of ownership there was no evidence of boastfulness in her manner. Flaws were recognised and even emphasised.

Of the large bedroom she said: "See—an open fireplace. I always wanted a real fire in my bedroom, and now I've got one. Smoke and all."

Of the small room, which was mostly filled with a drawing-board and scattered blueprints and architect's equipment, she said: "This was intended as a maid's room, but our Olive prefers to sleep out, anyway, so Tim decided to fix it up as a place where he could work at home when he wanted to."

In the kitchen she said: "Tim keeps calling this the galley. It's the Navy in him."

The tour took time, and during it the young man appeared gradually to lose his uneasiness and to become more relaxed. Several times he laughed at remarks made by the girl, even though these were not particularly witty.

Please turn to page 40



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Page 39

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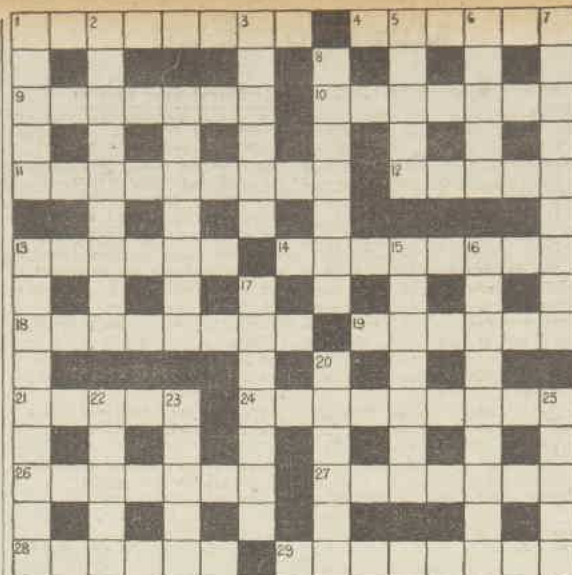
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Seizes eagerly from a candle a cheap cigar of the hour (8).
2. Area of which five-sixths is circular (6).
3. Lingerous than lawful (7).
4. Assault of vain mixture backed by a communist (7).
5. One's Hailor (Anagr. 4-5).
6. Can be said of any country though mainly is a Russian mountain (5).
7. Of a woman, who recently married though half of it is the back of a boy (8).
8. Sketchman as convulsive twitching of monkey (10).
9. Note in me (Anagr. 2-3).
10. Possessions set in a donkey (4).
11. The blindest part I see as subject of conversation (5).
12. See a layer with a stupid only in an opera of Wagner (10).
13. Threatening twice nothing in minus (7).
14. Left unoccupied yet a cat is in the middle (7).
15. Firmly fixed in a rearranged set day (6).
16. This motion picture executive without the last letter is far Mussolini (10).

DOWN

1. Purling stream, if backed, concerns bread dipped in broth (5).
2. A root Latin can make a light meal (9).
3. Pelvic fodder of ancient China (6).
4. Wanderer (1).

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION



Just for Fun *Continued from page 39*

As Dorothy preceded George into this room and into that he kept his eyes on her slim characteristic waistline. The housecoat was of a heavy watered material, and it rustled pleasantly and sibilantly whenever she moved.

The young man's face, which previously had shown signs of strain, softened and grew thoughtful. It became more than thoughtful. It became admiring. The charms of domesticity were never revealed more sweetly.

They were back in the living-room now, and he had started on his second drink. That is, it was only the second drink he had had here, but the suddenly accelerated effect it was having on him seemed to indicate that it might have been preceded by others.

This time he had chosen to seat himself on the sofa beside the girl, and when she reached for a cigarette from the crystal box he struck a match for her and cupped the flame as she bent her head towards it.

There was a liquid brightness in his eyes, and when he spoke his voice had a new and almost caressing warmth in it. "Your hair," he said, "I like it that new way."

"Thank you, George," she said, arching her throat and blowing out a column of smoke. She became the conscientious hostess. "But let's talk about you for a change. I want to hear all about you. Did you go back into advertising when you got demobbed?"

He nodded. "Yes. An agent's."

"Copy?"

Again he nodded. "Mostly. Now and then I do a little selling. Or try to. It hasn't been going too well."

Immediately sympathy welled from her. "Oh, I'm so sorry." She tapped the ash from her cigarette on to a tray and glanced at him with a kind, though detached, benevolence. "And have you got a girl in Northville, George?"

He hesitated. "Min, well—yes. Matter of fact I have."

"That's nice. And is she gay? Is she fun?"

He seemed to consider the question. "Yes—I suppose so." Then he set his glass on the low table. His voice was earnest, serious, even moodily philosophical. "But you know, Dorothy, sooner or later the time comes when a man wants more than just fun. You know?"

Her eyes widened in surprise. "But surely not you, George."

"Why not me?"

"No reason, except—well, for instance, when you wired me that you were coming, it was because you wanted just fun, wasn't it?" She was gently reminding. "Wasn't it?" she repeated.

"Well..."

"Of course it was." Leaning back against the sofa pillows, she clasped her hands behind her head, and quoted, as if from memory, running all the words together without a stop, "Lonely and forlorn stranger arriving Thursday evening from Northville would appreciate companionship for light wines and dancing please wire reply to Forties Club love George."

Please turn to page 41

Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?



I ENJOY THE
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS
MY CHOICE AS A
DEODORANT TOILET
SOAP



BOY-PROTEX MAKES
YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze with Protex, the deodorant Toilet Soap with the clean bushland fragrance. Protex is medicated to guard against offending, and infection.



5⁰

TURNING, Dorothy smiled at George, dazlingly. "Now if that didn't mean 'just for fun,' what did it mean?"

"I wanted to see you," he said subornly. "I wanted—old times." "Undoubtedly," Her arms came down and her hands folded themselves placidly in her lap. "And probably it would have been like old times, too. Could have been, anyway. We'd have gone to a hotel lounge for drinks, and then we'd have had dinner—or perhaps we'd even have skipped dinner—and then you'd have picked up a bottle of something and we'd have gone down to my place in Barrow Street."

For the first time there was an edge in her voice, a trace of bite. "And in the morning I'd have got up and gone to the office and you'd have got up and gone back to Northville. Exactly as you'll be going back to-morrow." She paused, and added, "Only not quite exactly."

The young man had reached for his glass and was helping himself to more whisky. The portion was a generous one. "All right," he said. "So I was a cad."

"No, not a cad, George, dear. Not a cad at all. Just on the loose. And on the town. And the victim, I think, of certain misconceptions."

He drank. "All right, perhaps that was my original plan. I don't say definitely that it was, but it may have been." He looked at her. "But now that I've seen you again you're—well, you're different. You've changed."

The slim fingers on the girl's lap became less placid. They interlocked. "Changed how?"

He passed a puzzled hand over his brow. "I don't know what it is, exactly. I can't explain it." He gestured at the room. "But look at this place. You never used to have any talent for making a room look like this. You never even had any desire to. Barrow Street always used to be a mess, you know it did. And the baby. I watched you when you were looking at the baby. You were—you were downright beautiful."

"Thank you, George," said the girl. "That's the first time you've ever said that. You used to say I

Just for Fun

Continued from page 40

was attractive, sometimes—but never beautiful."

He moved closer to her and leaned forward intently, curiously. "How did you develop it, Dorothy? All this—this scenery you've got. Where did it come from?"

At first she appeared not to understand him, and then she smiled. She spoke as to a child. "But it was there all the time, George. You say I've changed, but I haven't. Really I haven't. It's just that I'm happy, that's all. Basically, I'm the same person I always was."

"You're not," he contradicted her. "You don't look the same. You don't act the same."

"Oh," she granted, "I probably needed someone to bring me out, yes. Someone who had faith in me and who loved me. But that was easy. Tim did that."

"Forget about Tim." He placed his hand on her wrist. "Dot, Dot, my dear."

"Yes, George?"

"We made a mistake, didn't we?"

"I didn't."

"Well, then I did. And I admit it."

His arm had gone round her, but for the moment he made no attempt to draw her close. "But it's not too late, is it?" Then his arm tightened. "Is it?"

For just a fraction of an instant the girl's arms seemed about to creep up to return his embrace, and then, as he bent his head down and was about to place his lips on hers, her eyes, which had been cast downward, looked up at him. There was no affection in them now, and no warmth. It was a cold, level, contemptuous gaze, and it froze him.

"Were a cad," did you say, George?" she said. And after that, with one swift and agile movement, she had risen from the sofa and was standing looking down at him.

The clock on the mantel struck eleven-thirty.

"I think you'd better go," said the girl. "I think you'd better go at once."

The young man's tie was awry, his coat was creased, and his face was flushed. "Now, look, Dot," he began. "There's no need to be—"

"I said you'd better go."

He shrugged, and after a moment got up from the sofa. "All right," he said. "If that's what you want."

There was no pretence of a conventionally polite farewell or even of a civil exchange of good-nights. She watched him as he walked into the hall, watched him as he picked up his hat. With his hand on the latch, he looked back at her—a very sad, discomfited, and rather pathetic young man.

"I could have brought you out, too," he said, "just as much as your wonderful Tim did."

"Maybe you could," she said. "But you didn't. You didn't even want to try."

She heard the whine of the lift, heard the door clasp open and clang shut, heard it start down again. Then and only then did she move. Her first act was to exhale deeply, her shoulders and her whole body slumping.

After that she bent to the table and, placing the whisky bottle to



"Let's eat out to-night, dear. I get so tired of my own dish-washing."

one side, picked up the tray with the water jug, glasses, and the grapefruit bottle. Methodically she carried the tray through the dining-room and into the kitchen, where she set it down on the sink-board. For an instant she looked at the long sleeves of the housecoat, and then carefully turned them back.

She washed and dried the jug and glasses, and placed the bottle back in the cupboard. Then she wiped the sink with the damp dishcloth, hung the dishcloth over the rack, and finally turned out the light.

She turned out all the other lights, too, all those she had previously turned on. But before turning out the dressing-table lights in the bedroom she opened the wardrobe door and lifted out the black dress.

Unbuttoning the chartreuse housecoat, she took it off and returned it to its original hanger, putting it back carefully and adjusting its folds so that they hung straight. Then she got into the black dress again and, after a final look into the full-length mirror, closed the door.

From the bedroom she passed into the nursery, and for a time she stood looking down at the crib and at the sleeping child.

But she did not look at him for long, for from there she went into the sitting-room, where she emptied all the ash-trays and rubbed her handkerchief over the table to remove the circles left by the glasses. That done, she picked up the whisky bottle and held it up to the light, noting that the level of the liquid in it had gone down some three inches. But there was plenty left. Plenty.

Stooping to the waste-basket, she retrieved the wrappings. She placed the bottle back into the box and skillfully rewrapped it and tied it. Then she went to the cupboard in the hall and put it back on the shelf from which she had taken it.

BACK in the sitting-room, her final gesture was to remove the plain gold band from her third finger and drop into her pocket. Then she selected a magazine and seated herself in one of the two chairs by the fireside. But, although she opened the magazine, she did not read it. Instead, she looked into the black and empty grate.

She was still seated by the empty grate when there was the sound of a key in the lock, laughter, and voices in the hall.

Almost immediately two people entered the room, a man and a woman, and with them there seemed to come a fresh breeze cooling the sluggish night air. Both were young and handsome. The man had a dark moustache, and around her head the woman wore a chartreuse scarf.

"Well," said the man, as the mantel clock chimed once more, "that's timing it. We told you twelve-thirty, and we are just in to the minute."

"Did everything go all right?" said the young woman pleasantly.

"Fine," said the girl, who had risen from her chair and was placing the magazine back on the table.

"No fuss?"

"Not a bit. Everything was exactly as it should be."

"That's good," said the young woman. She turned towards the hall. "Well, I think I'll just go in and have a look at him. Tim, you'd better—ah..."

"Certainly," said the young man with the dark moustache.

The girl had stepped to the hall and was returning with the brown-paper-wrapped package and with a light jacket, which she was draping round her shoulders. The man pulled some money out of his pocket.

"Let's see," he said. "Five hours at two shillings an hour. That makes it—ten shillings, doesn't it?"

"That's right," she said.

He held out some money. "There you are, exactly. And thank you."

"Thank you, Mr. Ryder," she said. The "you" was stressed, but only naturally so.

She moved towards the hall, and as she did so she met the young woman returning. The young woman was smiling. "He's sleeping like a lamb," she said.

"He's a very good baby," said the girl. "He's a wonderful baby. I felt as if he were mine. Really mine."

"Did you find the little cakes?"

"Yes, thank you. And I took a little grapefruit from the bottle in the cupboard, as you said."

"Oh, I'm glad you did," said the young woman. She had taken the scarf from her head and was looping it into loose folds. "Well, I think that's all, then. Would you be available again, if we should need you? What do we do? Call the agency and request Miss—Prescott, is it?"

"That's right," said the girl. "Miss Dorothy Prescott." She hesitated. "But, you see, I don't do this regularly. It was—an unusual occasion, a favor. The woman who runs the agency happens to be a friend of mine."

"Oh," said the young woman disappointedly. "I'm sorry. Well, it was very nice of you to help us out."

"I didn't mind," said the girl, as she stepped past her and headed towards the door. "I loved it. Thank you. Thank you so much."

"Look," said the young man with the dark moustache. "It's late. Do you have far to go?"

"Not far," said the girl, hugging the package more closely and opening the door. "Just to Barrow Street."

(Copyright)

The long-jacket Silhouette



New—the form-fitted smoothness... the tight-fitted waist... the shoulders, slight and appealing as a child's.

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COWBOY — AGE 2



AT two years of age, Kenneth Rice of Boondall, Queensland, already has a way with animals, and is never happier than when helping with horses. Apart from horses, his two main interests are the calf shown above and Vegemite. His mother says, "Kenneth starts the day with a Vegemite sandwich and takes one to his father as well. Since he was six months old, Kenneth has enjoyed Vegemite every day." Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts, and contains no starch. Vegemite is tastier, too, and more economical.

VOS



ROBERT CUMMINGS takes Elizabeth Scott's ribbing about his showy coat with the best of good humor. They are on the sound-stage of "Paid in Full," in which they co-star.



ITALIAN ACTRESS Valentina Cortese is delighted with the musical box she bought in Petticoat Lane while in London to film local scenes for Italian-produced "The Eagle and the Lamb," in which she stars with Richard Greene.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★★ Shoe Shine

BRILLIANTLY directed by Vittorio De Sica, "Shoe Shine," a modern tragedy of the aftermath of war, is hailed as a classic in Italian postwar cinema.

The simply told story is marked by true-to-life realism, understanding of human suffering and evil, as well as those earthy touches that brought immediate appreciation of earlier Continental films.

"Shoe Shine" is a harsh film which cannot be classed as entertainment, for who could be entertained by the spectacle of children who are destroyed by their inability to retain some faith in humanity?

The action is dominated by two youngsters — rollicking Giuseppe (Rinaldo Ossola) and stolid Pasquale (Franco Interlenghi) — close friends and shoeshine boys who operate outside the Hotel Imperiale, in Rome, during the early days of American occupation.

These two are the symbols of all innocents who suffer for the sins of humanity.

Working together to buy a dappled horse from a nearby riding school, they become involved in a black-market deal with Giuseppe's older brother. Through misplaced loyalty they make no effort to clear themselves, and are caught up in the evils of prison life, in which there is neither compassion nor sympathy.

New influences drive the one-time friends farther apart, until nothing of faith or affection remains to prevent the inevitable betrayal.

This is the bare plot of "Shoe Shine." Intended as a startling indictment of the world in which we live, there can be no doubt that the Italian production achieves its object, for not even at the end is any relief from the general tragedy permitted.

Dialogue is in Italian with English subtitles.

In Sydney—the Savoy.

BABY, IT'S COLD INSIDE!



Lovely Tivoli glamour girl Pat Baker puts her feet up while she waits for her next cue. Pat says: "Believe me, I shiver when I come offstage into a cold dressing-room. But a cup of hot Bonox soon warms me up inside. Keeps me feeling tip-top from the first curtain to the last." You'll find Bonox a wonderful pick-me-up too. It pours new strength into your bloodstream . . . builds up resistance to cold and flu germs. A cup of hot Bonox gives you a lift . . . and makes you feel on top of the world. This winter, drink steaming hot Bonox every day!

B02

Comedian to film new musical

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

DANNY KAYE will be throwing his slapstick antics into the Hollywood production fray on the side of 20th Century-Fox now that he and Warners are finished.

The blond comedian has signed for a typical vehicle, a technicolor musical, "On the Riviera," as his first starrer at the big Beverly Hills movie-plant.

The studio plans to have Micheline Presle, Ty Power's co-star in "An American Guerrilla in The Philippines," back from the Pacific in time to take the feminine lead opposite Kaye.

LITTLE Jane Powell's first post-marriage starrer is a romantic drama, "The Tender Hours," in which Ricardo Montalban will portray the hero. Original plans for the picture called for Powell to age from her late teens to a wrinkled grandmother. But the idea was abandoned after make-up tests, because young Jane still looked young.

LANA TURNER is still held in some sort of esteem at M.G.M., even after her recent troubles in "A Life of Her Own." She has been named to co-star with Ezio Pinza, of "South Pacific" fame, in his first Hollywood venture. It will be "Mr. Imperium," in which Lana's role, one not too demanding on her talents as an actress, will be that of a Hollywood showgirl.

JOAN CRAWFORD introduced a member of her family to director Vincent Sherman during screen tests for her title role in "Lady of

the House," and as a result she will get a role in the picture. She is Cluett Crawford, Joan's pet French poodle, of whom it is said Columbia is planning to make another Rin Tin Tin dog star.

BIG things are in the making for Britain's Richard Todd now that he is such a strong contender for the Oscar awards and since the American public took him to its liking as the Scottish soldier in "The Hasty Heart." Warners have chosen "All Star Cast" as a Todd vehicle.

LATEST vehicle to be added to Spencer Tracy's busy film schedule for the year is "The People vs. O'Hara," the story of a top criminal attorney who bribes a juror in order to win a case. It is one of three new projects awaiting Tracy's services when he completes a current romantic comedy, "Father of the Bride."

THANK YOU
DOCTOR



Ford Pills made me a new woman. It's great to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

FORD PILLS

THANK YOU
DOCTOR



I have taken Ford Pills while feeding each of my three children. I think they are just right for Nursing Mothers. They're so gentle and dependable.

FORD PILLS

THANK YOU
DOCTOR



I was about on the edge of a nervous breakdown, but since I started on Ford Pills I feel as fit as a fiddle — never felt better in my life.

FORD PILLS

THANK YOU
DOCTOR



I never lose time from work now. Those Back-aches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills, and I can work all day without getting tired.

For Indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and Headaches Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all your family.

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FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. He offered to look after CHIP WILLIS, charged with theft, but Chip ran away and his old gang forced him to lead them to Larry's flat, where they attacked Larry. Chip, pretending to turn on Larry, instead punched a gang member. He and Larry have to take on the whole gang, and he asks Larry how.

As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): March 29 should help you in the creation of new plans, but avoid impulse or being unduly influenced by others nearing April 1 and 2. Better personal progress from April 4.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): This week tends to hamper and restrict, although some indirect benefits are likely on April 4. Choose this date for personal and business activity.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Friends and acquaintances may absorb your attention this week, with March 29 an interesting day. However, use care over the week-end and be sure to trust only those you know well.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): March 29 to 31 is favorable for business and financial interests, but the rest of week is doubtful for domestic and personal relationships, especially on April 1 and 2.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): This week starts off well for all matters involving change, travel, writings, and interviews. However, delay important moves over week-end. Any upset of mind or nervous system could cloud your better judgment with devastating results.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Something new could be started this week, but avoid chancy propositions from April 1 to 3, especially where your material assets are concerned. April 4 is a particularly lucky day.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A rather mixed week for interests shared, whether in marriage or partnerships. Choose April 4 for best results, but be very certain to use discretion during April 1 and 2.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Get busy with all new ideas and opportunities for advancement from Wednesday, but use caution in all your business deals and take great care to guard health during April 1 and 3.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Emphasis is on your love life, children, and matters close to your heart. Use March 29 and April 4 for important events, but expect a few difficulties over the week-end when you would be wise to live very quietly.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Parents, home, or business propositions may cause activity on March 28 and 29. However, major change is not advisable just yet. Try to avoid muddles over the week-end.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): You may use your mental flights of imagination to advantage if you act on March 29 and April 4, but don't push ideas on April 1 and 2; they are likely to prove unreliable and deceptive, causing you all sorts of needless trouble.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Your financial interests can be improved by careful planning on Wednesday, March 29. However, don't let over-optimism spoil your good judgment or involve you in loss on April 1.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.)

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The Australian Women's Weekly - April 1, 1950

You will enjoy every action-packed page of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE, 1/-.

You needn't be breathless
to be breathtaking



Warner's Alphabet Bra, No. 2299, in satin and lace, with the new rounded look. Sizes, A cup, 32-36; B and C cup, 32-38.

You'll love the fit and perfect comfort of your Warner's Alphabet Bra because it's just right for you. Like all Warner's Le Gant lovelies, Alphabet Bras are 3-Way-Sized, to give you your choice of cup, band and uplift. At finer stores.

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A Beauty hint
from
Hollywood

HELEN WALKER,
Paramount
Star.



"Damp-set"
YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL



HOLLYWOOD STARS were quick to seize on the amazing "damp-setting" technique. Now, with VELMOL, you can "damp-set" your hair in thrilling waves and curls—whenever you like! Takes but four minutes to do... to these **THREE EASY STEPS**: 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Then arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you wish.

"Damp-set" your hair regularly, and you'll always have deep, firm waves that are lustrous, natural looking, silky soft and never "stiff" or oily.

VELMOL works on any hair—holds a finger wave for days and retains that "salon-smartness" between visits. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of VELMOL.



COSTUME FITTING for American actress Veda Ann Borg, who plays Stella Grey in "The Kangaroo Kid," being filmed locally.



JOCK O'MAHONEY, the star of "The Kangaroo Kid." Fine horseman and athlete, he will play as the hero in the story of Australia's gold-rush days.

From "heel" to good sport U.S. star reverses previous roles in film being made here

Blonde American actress Veda Ann Borg, now in Australia to take a leading part in the Australian-American film "The Kangaroo Kid," says she couldn't speak for a moment after being asked to come here.

The stunned silence was due, not so much to the offer, but to the fact that it entailed a complete change of role.

PRODUCER Howard C. Brown had asked: "How would you like to stop being a heel—for the cameras—and become a good girl down in Australia?"

When Veda recovered the use of her tongue she answered: "It's been fun being a bad girl in films, but I think a change for the better might be a very good thing."

"The Kangaroo Kid," an adventure story of the 1800's, is about a young Californian sent to Australia at the height of the gold rush, trailing a fugitive from justice.

In Australia he falls in love with a pretty American girl who fled the United States with her father, a former convict, and becomes involved in the tough and gasty life of the goldfields.

"I'm crazy about my part in 'The Kangaroo Kid,'" Miss Borg told me. "Years of playing meemies, and other women, in front of the area could be frustrating, but Stella Grey, my new character, is warm, down-to-earth, and a good sport."

Stella is a flamboyant bar-room beauty who smilingly serves hard liquor to tough customers.

"I can't recall when I've been so enthused about taking a trip," Miss Borg said, "and I'm going to see as much of Australia as I can."

Films in which the youthful actress has appeared during the past two years are Greer Garson's "Julia Misbehaves," as a Cockney maid; "One Last Thing," with Zachary Scott and Alexis Smith in a plot dealing with marital mixups, and as what she describes as "a very mean heavy," with Tim Holt, in "Gun Thunder."

Perfecting an Australian accent, collecting tips for dealing with a baby kangaroo, and being fitted with a

wardrobe in a Sydney store were the immediate problems occupying Miss Borg when I saw her.

As Stella Grey, an Australian in gold-rush days, Veda feels completely at home in the period costumes she wears so well, but painstaking application is going into ironing out her American drawl.

The greatest difficulty, she claims, is that no two Australian accents sound alike to her.

This young woman with brown eyes, blonde hair cut in a bang, a slim and tallish figure, has a friendly manner and easy charm.

By M. J. McMAHON

Of Scots-Swedish parentage, she has the sort of face that is more photogenic than classic prettiness. The racial strains show in the good bone structure of high cheekbones, rather deep set eyes, and beige-tan complexion, on which she ordinarily wears only lip and eye make-up, but has to powder over in our steamy heat.

An important character role in "The Kangaroo Kid" is played by Joey, the kangaroo, found by Tex early in the piece, and given to Stella to care for.

Thereafter, on the screen, he spends most of his time in her arms, and as one who has never before seen a kangaroo she's hoping it will be a mutually acceptable arrangement.

After ten years of film-making, interrupted by a serious car accident a few years ago, the girl with the musical drawl feels she is qualified to declare that home-life takes precedence.

"My husband and I live quietly at Sherman Oaks, Hollywood," she says, "and we like to get away as

often as we can into the desert or to the ranch."

Veda Ann is the wife of Andrew McLaglen, son of veteran he-man actor, Victor McLaglen.

By the desert she means Palm Springs, America's fabulous desert resort of palm trees, automobiles, film stars, amateur cowboys, and more swimming pools per capita than any other city in the world.

The ranch at Clovis, California, is her father-in-law's property, 150 miles north of Los Angeles.

The first two members of "The Kangaroo Kid" troupe to arrive from Hollywood were director Leslie Selander and cameraman Russell Harlan.

Cameraman Harlan's recent assignments include work on "Red River," John Wayne's big Western, and "I Was a Male War Bride," which was filmed largely in Germany and France, with Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan.

An outdoor saga, "Dakota Lil," starring Rod Cameron and Marie Windsor, was recently turned out by director Selander.

They were followed shortly afterwards by the four principal cast members.

Jock O'Mahoney, the male star in the title role of Tex, "The Kangaroo Kid," is a Gene Autry protégé and a former stunt-man, and had just completed a top role in a Western, "The Texas Dynamo," with Charles Starrett.

Martha Hyer, a pretty brownette, playing the romantic lead, is a picture of modest maidenhood as Mary Corbett of the film. Experienced in Western film work, this young actress has appeared with Tim Holt, and has also worked previously with director Selander.

The fourth importation, character actor Douglas Dumbrille, well known to Australian film audiences, is the smooth villain of the piece.

Actors for other important parts in the film, plus the technical crew, have been selected in Australia.

Back from New Zealand with Robert Morley's "Edward, My Son," company, Guy Doleman, as the Australian lead, plays a police-sergeant.

Other Australians who appear in the film are Grant Taylor, Alec Kelleway, Queenie Ashton, Alan Gifford, Charles Tingwell, John Fegan, and Larry Crowhurst.



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1 CARNIVAL worker Lane Bellamy (Joan Crawford) remains behind when show closes, having become weary and frightened by her derelict existence. Then she is befriended by amiable Deputy-Sheriff Fielding Carlisle (Zachary Scott).



2 PERTURBED political boss Titus Semple (Sydney Greenstreet) disapproves friendship of his protegee, Carlisle, and the girl.



3 MEETING of political big-shots controlled by Dan Reynolds (David Brian) endorses Fielding for Senator. Later that night Fielding and Lane meet by chance, declare mutual love.



4 UNHAPPINESS follows Fielding's later confession that he is to marry local girl. Lane is arrested on Semple's false charge.

FLAMINGO ROAD...

THIS Warner Bros. production is a strong dramatic story built round dishonest politics in a small, southern town. The dominant theme is a carnival dancer's rise to the social summit by marriage to a powerful man despite all the efforts of a political potentate in the State machinery, who stops at nothing in his ruthless drive for power and the governor's portfolio.



5 REFUGE is given Lane upon release at Lute-Mae Sanders' (Gladys George) roadhouse. There Lane meets politician Dan Reynolds, secretly marries him, and two move to wealthy Flamingo Road district.



6 VOWING to break Reynolds, Semple frames him on industrial charge. And, tired of Fielding's weakness, then declares he will himself run for governorship.



7 BITTERNESS develops when Dan learns of association between Lane and Fielding; he accuses her of marrying him for safety. When desperate Fielding suicides in Lane's home, townspeople parade before house as mark of their protest.

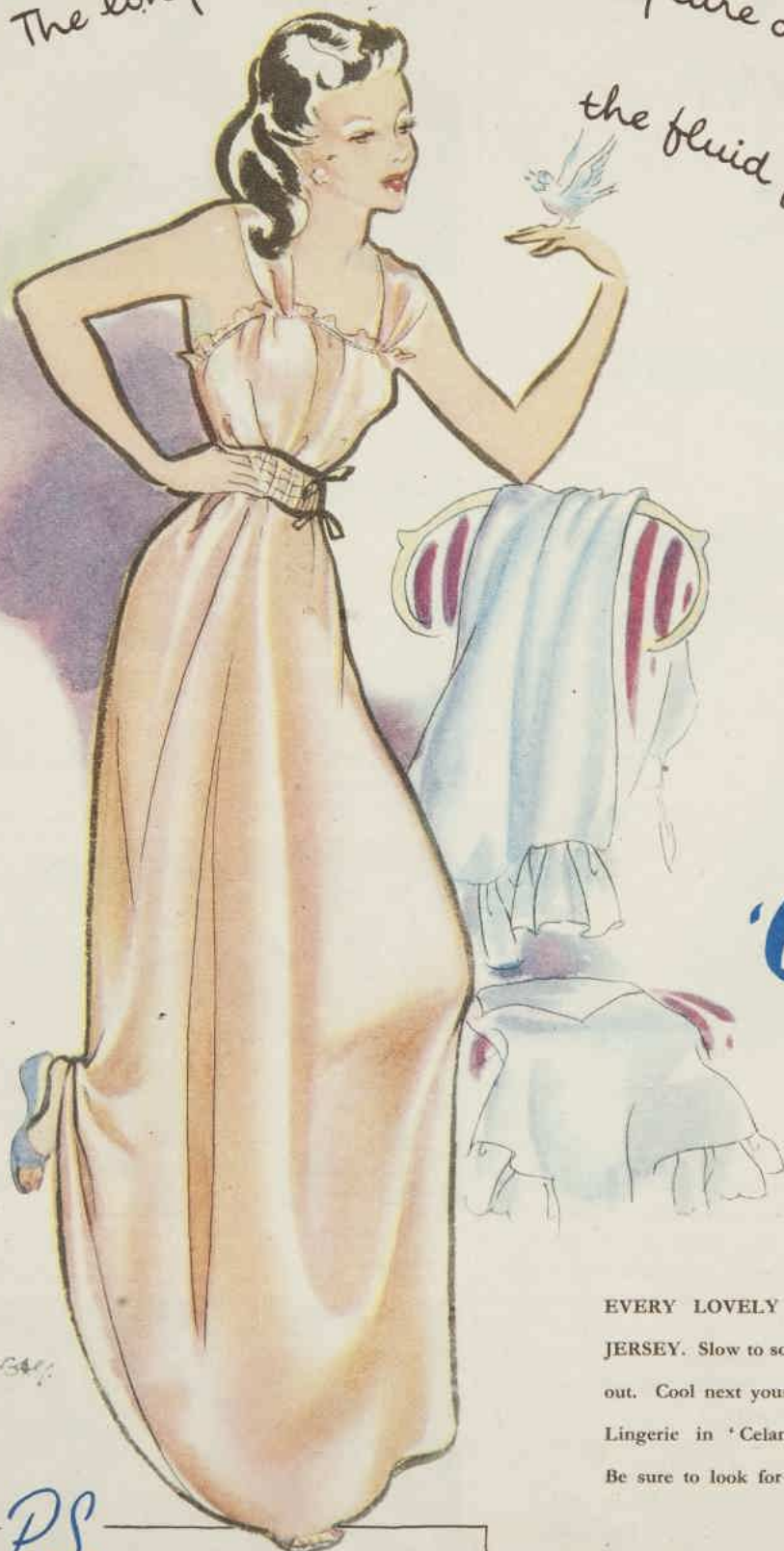
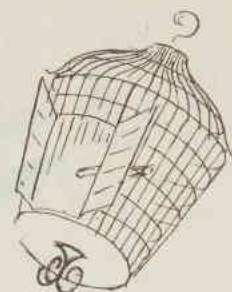


8 CONFRONTING Semple, Lane orders him at gunpoint to confess frame-up against Dan. He is killed, later Lane is cleared.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 1, 1950

The long wear of it... the easy care of it...

the fluid flattery of it...



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BIG NEWS!

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Collar attached. In white, stripes or plain, soft pastels. Starchless collar irons smooth as glass in a twinkling. Extra length. Extra-full all-over construction. Single button cuffs.



With two separate collars. In white, stripes or plain, soft pastels. A fashion shirt with two perfectly cut starchless collars that iron smooth as glass in a twinkling. Tailored sleeves with double cuffs. Extra length. Extra full all-over construction.

Note: Collar is tailored to take tie with Windsor Knot.

Grafton's famous Anti-Shrink label is now on shirts by Beaucaire. That means that you have all of the wonderful easy-laundering and long-wearing qualities of Grafton in the shirt that has always been recognised as the first in fashion and fine make.

Ask for Beaucaire shirts in Grafton Anti-Shrink at all leading city, suburban and country stores throughout Australia.



IN THIS SCENE from Frank Launder's "The Happiest Days of Your Life" Miss Whitchurch (Margaret Rutherford) interrupts an English lesson to ask Mr. Pond (Alastair Sim), "Would you be good enough to ask your masters not to fraternise with my mistresses."



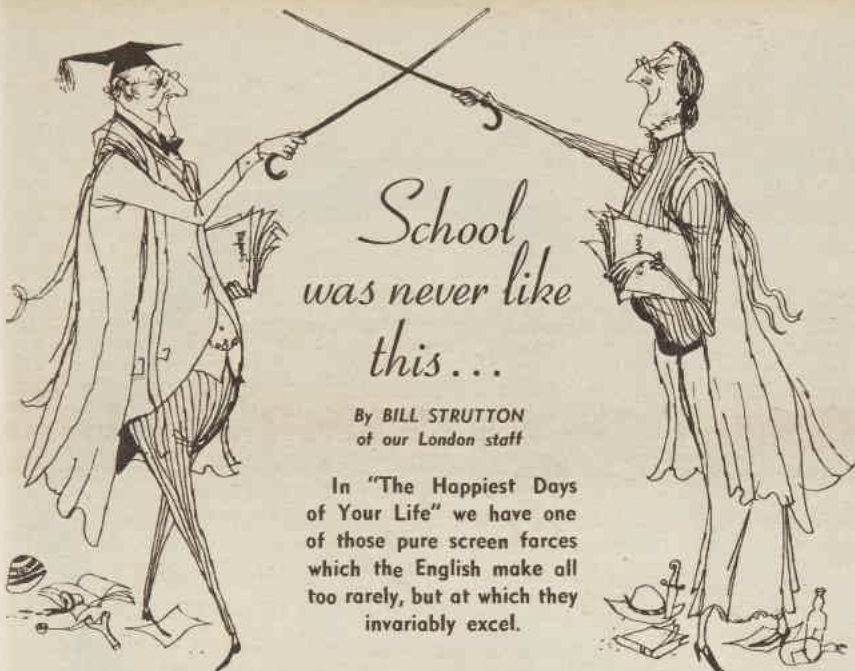
ONLY Richard Tussell (John Bentley) is happy. He has fallen in love with Miss Harper (Bernadette O'Farrell), the young English mistress. She says, "I always seem to be lending you dusters."



IN THIS SCENE from "The Happiest Days of Your Life" the domestic staff has left, so the senior girls turn to and cook. In happy spirit of rivalry, girls strike mighty blow when boys have to eat their cooking. A boy turns his plate upside down to show porridge has stuck to it.



SCHOOLMISTRESSES put the masters to flight and take over their rooms. Miss Whitchurch (Margaret Rutherford) is disgusted to find a racing paper in the teachers' common-room. With her are Miss Jezard (Muriel Ake) and Miss Gossage (Joyce Grenfell).



School
was never like
this...

By BILL STRUTTON
of our London staff

In "The Happiest Days of Your Life" we have one of those pure screen farces which the English make all too rarely, but at which they invariably excel.

YOU know what they mean by "The Happiest Days etc."—those happy, carefree times when some lout bigger than yourself was always making your life a misery, when you got six of the best for cribbing, and 500 lines for passing notes. THOSE happy days.

Horrible children brain each other with hockey sticks, and pompous schoolmasters battle just as fiercely, if less openly, with the schoolmistresses who storm their college.

The stars of this latest English school comedy, which was a hit play in the West End of London, are Alastair Sim, Margaret Rutherford, Guy Middleton, Edward Rigby, Joyce Grenfell, and Bernadette O'Farrell.

The film opens on the appropriate key, its credit titles adorned with nasty little girls and unspeakable little boys, drawn by the famous cartoonist, Ronald Searle, whose girls of St. Trinian's have set the English-speaking world laughing, and made him a front-line humorist.

Searle claims his girls of St. Trinian's are drawn from life.

"Early in the war I was stationed near a small school outside Edinburgh," he said. "It was called St. Trinian's. When I developed my schoolgirl characters in cartoons I used the name as a joke on the original school."

"But when I went back to Scotland after the war I couldn't trace it. I don't know whether the school was a war casualty."

Searle's girls at St. Trinian's first really came to life as cartoon characters in the notorious Changi prison. While he was developing them Ronald Searle also worked on the camp theatre with Australia's Sydney Piddington and his fellow-experimenters in thought-transference, Russell Braddon. He designed the decor.

"The Happiest Days Of Your Life" is in the real spirit of the St. Trinian's cartoons. The movie-school is called St. Swithin's, and the story is based on the sudden arrival of a bunch of grim schoolmistresses, leading about a hundred girls of St. Swithin's, at Nutbourne College for boys, whither they have been directed to share the accommodation.

Chaos unlimited

THERE are free fights in the dormitories. The domestic staff leaves in a body. The mistresses commandeer the masters' bedrooms and banish them to the attic. The senior girls cook breakfast which nearly poisons the whole school.

The film culminates in one of those dread parents' days, when mothers and fathers come from everywhere in the fond hope of seeing their children at their demure best, pegging away at conjugations, or trooping primly on to the playing fields. What they see is, well... why tell you all?

It was fun making "The Happiest Days of Your Life," if we take the word of director Frank Launder, whose touch in British films

INTRODUCED here by cartoonist Searle are Mr. Pond (Alastair Sim) and Miss Whitchurch (Margaret Rutherford), who cross canes when St. Swithin's School descends on Nutbourne College in search of accommodation for their considerable numbers.

is never slicker than in light comedy and farce.

But then any film which has Margaret Rutherford bustling about the set and lanky Alastair Sim stalking, sinister and grave, through his part is never less than a delight.

Added to which the atmosphere surrounding a comedy team "on the floor" is always lighthearted, just as an air of macabre gloom envelops those stars who, waiting tensely by the sidelines of the film next door, are thinking themselves into the right mood of heaviness required for drama or tragedy.

Individual Pictures combed the home counties before they chose a well-known girls' school, Byculla, on the borders of Hampshire and Sussex, for their location exteriors. They waited till the term holidays, then brought the stars down. And they recruited holidaying school-



DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE that 317 trunks and 317 suitcases are arriving at Nutbourne College marks the invasion of the girls' school of St. Swithin's at the direction of the Ministry of Education.



TURNED OUT of his bedroom by the headmistress of St. Swithin's Girls' School, Mr. Pond, of Nutbourne College, makes the best of things in the bath in this scene from "The Happiest Days of Your Life."

children from all the villages around.

The mistresses, released for a time from the stern necessity to maintain academic dignity, joined in the fun.

Maybe I am reporting a romance here. I only know that when the location unit returned to its base, they invited the mistresses to see how the rest was done, inside a film studio.

They arrived en masse while a pillow fight was raging before the cameras.

And Alastair Sim, dropping his pose of the outraged head, sprang from the set with outstretched arms and kissed a real headmistress soundly on the cheek.

She blushed a beautiful red.



ATHLETIC-TYPE Guy Middleton as sportsmaster Hyde-Brown, who is the hero of the senior girls.



A PHYSICAL CULTURE lesson for the girls of St. Swithin's, as seen by Ronald Searle. Sportsmaster Hyde-Brown (Guy Middleton) is caught flirting with the pupils.



SEARLE SHOWS what happened when the boys try to take possession of their rugby field and the girls object—vigorously. This battle scene is a highlight of the film and is typical of the horrible children Searle draws. He insists they were modelled on real girls at a Scottish school.



Pelaco

"It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!"

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HAVE you a weathered complexion? If so, put your creams and lotions to work to make it clear and bright, and at the same time give a thought to the food factors which help beauty work.

AUTUMN CHECK-UP

● At this time of year it is a good idea to look to the complexion and check up on its condition. Few escape without some end-of-summer skin dryness and fading suntan to smooth over.

CLEAN off all make-up and cream, carry a hand-mirror into the daylight, and take stock of your complexion.

Soaps, creams, lotions do things for the skin by helping to counteract the unfavorable agencies that tear at its fragile surface.

Soap removes dust and perspiration; creams supplement the natural skin oils and prevent coarsening; tonic lotions are a pick-up for dull circulation.

This varied care is really needed after months of heat, so to discourage the fine lines etched by dryness put your creams to work now.

Use either a cold cream, if you like its cool, fluffy quality, or the more solid, richer cream, usually with a lanoline content, which must be spread with greater effort.

Cushion the fingertips lavishly with cream and circle them smoothly round the eyes where lines come easiest, then follow the path with some light tapping.

The fallow shadow of fading suntan which no amount of creaming or washing seems to budge requires stronger tactics. A face-pack or two, either ready-made or a concoction of your own making, will produce a brighter tone.

Homespun favorite for the job is the oatmeal-milk mixture for dry skin. Dip a rubber nailbrush, if you own one, into the mixture, and gently massage your face till the skin is rosy. Rinse in warm water, then in cold, and pat dry.

Do this every day till your skin takes on a clear and bright look.

Have you been eating a fair amount of raw and green vegetables lately? Lack of these foods in the

diet can leave the skin rough and papery.

Give the body a chance to use the vitamins, minerals, and other food factors it needs and gets from this source.

Carrots for the complexion is not just a catchy slogan, although it well might be. Eat them raw whenever you can—grated on the top of salads—and when the little new carrots come in eat them raw, after scrubbing, or in strips.

Other rich food sources are yellow peaches and apricots, as well as green and yellow vegetables and milk, butter, cheese.

These will not only brighten the complexion, but will enhance the general health and well-being at the same time.

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

Now a word about soft water versus hard water, and the soap that makes up the old-fashioned face wash.

The modern young woman knows, of course, that proper face bathing removes the lifeless and withered cells that accumulate on the surface of the skin, that removal of grime and surface oil leaves the pores open and clean, ready to go on with the job of supplying lubricating oil.

But how about the water itself? Does she remember that hard water dries and irritates the skin in hard-water districts, and to soften tap water by adding one teaspoonful of borax and one teaspoonful of cooking soda?

Rain water is perfect, we know, but not always easy to obtain.

As for soaps, keep in mind that a mild cake that lathers well and is unscented and untinted is always safe, and that it is most important to remove all soap from the skin with a final cool rinse.

goodbye **Dandruff!**

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Everywhere, delighted women are acclaiming Marigny Hair Vitaliser.

At last, a preparation is available to keep your hair in tip-top condition—and that naturally means no dandruff. Yes it's true—Marigny Hair Vitaliser is definitely Australia's Number 1 Hair Tonic—try it and you too will say "Goodbye Dandruff".

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So safe!

Its tiny diamonds give such fast gentle suds....leave woollies better fitting

All the work in a smart new jumper is well worthwhile if you Lux it! Lux suds are so much safer. Those tiny shimmering Lux diamonds whip up into a rich, gentle lather—and so quickly. Lux whisks away every trace of dirt and perspiration without rubbing—leaves woollies soft and fluffy, better-fitting... colours fresh. Don't risk strong soaps or harsh washing on such lovely things. Get Lux today!

The Lux Cover Girl

This design is just one of the many attractive designs in the Lux Knitting Book (see below)



Don't risk harsh soaps!

Keep your hands soft and petal-smooth! Luxe care is gentler.



Back again after eight years!

THE Lux Knitting Book



Yours
with 2 packets
of Lux at a
special price

GET IT AT YOUR STORE TO-DAY...

Yes, your favourite knitting book is back after all these years. And this latest issue is better than ever. A cardigan for Mum, a pullover for one of the youngsters, a classic twin-set for yourself; these, and the many more designs in the Lux Knitting Book are styled right up-to-the-minute. Skim through its pages and you'll find something there for every member of the family. The instructions are fascinatingly easy to work from, too: just right for beginner or expert.

BUT HURRY. SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED

Fish DINNERS

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

- Break away from your usual service of fish by introducing dishes which bring variety and excitement to your dinner table—but remember they must be nourishing and satisfying too.

FISH dinners at times are apt to be dull and not very sustaining. But, with the addition of extra flavors, attractive garnishes, and a substantial sweet, your fish dinners will be interesting and wholesome so that you can serve them with confidence.

Careful seasoning with salt and lemon juice before and not after cooking is an important factor in preparing fish.

When frying or baking fish be careful not to overcook. The flesh should be white, flaky, and moist.

If using batter, use a rather thin one, and cook carefully so that batter is evenly browned and fish completely cooked in centre.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

Dundee Broth.
Baked Stuffed Fish with Creamed Potatoes.
Peas, Corn, and Carrots.
Chocolate Cream Pie.
Coffee.

DUNDEE BROTH

One shin of beef or 3lb. scrag end of neck of mutton, 2½ quarts cold water, 1 dessertspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons diced green or red pepper (may be omitted), ½ cup finely diced onion, small bunch of herbs (2 or 3 sprigs parsley, thyme, marjoram), 1½ cups vegetables cut into thin strips (carrots, parsnips, celery, turnip), 2 kidneys, 1 dessertspoon melted fat.

Cut meat into small pieces and place in large saucepan with bone. Add cold water, herbs, salt, cayenne pepper, onion, and green or red pepper. Cover and simmer gently 2 to 3 hours. Strain, add vegetables, cook further 30 minutes, correct seasoning. Soak kidneys, remove skins, dry, chop finely. Saute in hot fat 7 to 10 minutes, add to broth just before serving.

A little meat or vegetable extract may be added to broth if desired to give a rich brown color.

BAKED STUFFED FISH

One large snapper or bream, 1 lemon, creamed potato, tomato and cucumber slices, lemon wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Capsicum and Onion Stuffing: Two to 2½ cups soft white breadcrumbs, ¼ cup diced cooked celery, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red capsicum (or red pepper), 1 tablespoon finely diced onion, pinch herbs, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, milk.

Leave head on fish, clean, scale, and wash in salted water. Dry lightly. Rub inside and out with cut lemon, remove eyes and fins, trim tail. Combine all stuffing ingredients, adding a little milk if necessary to make a



moist but not wet mixture. Stuff inside of fish firmly, arrange balance of stuffing along centre of fish. Place on thickly greased baking-dish, cover with piece of well-greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until flesh is white and flaky (25 to 35 minutes, depending on size of fish). Remove carefully on to bed of creamed potato on heated serving dish. Garnish with tomato and cucumber slices, lemon wedges, and parsley. Serve with peas, corn, carrots.

Other suggested stuffings:—

Mushroom Stuffing: Use the quantities given for capsicum and onion stuffing, omitting capsicum and half the onion. Add ½lb. mushrooms (peeled, chopped, and sauteed in melted margarine or butter).

Egg and Parsley Stuffing: Omit capsicum, celery, and 1 dessertspoon of onion from capsicum and onion stuffing and substitute 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Serve fish with egg sauce.

Ham and Mint: Prepare stuffing as directed, omitting capsicum and onion flavors. Add ½ cup chopped, fried ham or bacon and 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint. Cook fish with strips of pork or bacon on top, and serve with tartare sauce.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

One 8in. cooked biscuit or champagne pastry-case, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1½oz. margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons flour, ¼ cup milk, ¼ cup black coffee, 2 eggs, few drops vanilla essence, pinch of salt, extra 6 tablespoons sugar for meringue, chopped glace or crystallised cherries to decorate.

Combine sugar and cocoa, stir in coffee, making a thin, smooth paste. Melt margarine or butter in pan, stir in flour, cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk and coffee, bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly, simmer 3 minutes. Cool slightly, fold in beaten egg-yolks and vanilla

MENU 1 given on this page is illustrated above. Baked stuffed fish is one of the most popular fish dishes. A variety of stuffings can be used to provide different flavors. Any one of the stuffings suggested on this page would be just as tempting as the capsicum and onion stuffing illustrated. See recipes.

essence. Fill into pastry-case, allow to become quite cold. Beat egg-whites with pinch of salt, gradually add sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved. Flavor with vanilla, pile roughly on top of chocolate filling. Allow to set and lightly brown in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric). Decorate with cherries before serving.

MENU 2

Grapefruit and Pineapple Appetiser.
Creamed Fish in Potato Case.
French Beans and Parsnips.
Tutti-Frutti Shortcake.
Tea or Coffee.

GRAPEFRUIT AND PINEAPPLE APPETISER

Wash grapefruits (allowing ½ grapefruit to each person).

Cut each in halves widthways. Scoop out pulp from centres and dice neatly. Mix with equal quantity of diced pineapple and flavor with chopped preserved ginger, little coconut, and sugar. Pile back into grapefruit cases, chill. Before serving pour 1 teaspoon sherry over each grapefruit case and top each with half a drained cherry. Serve on individual plates, garnish with mint sprigs.

CREAMED FISH IN POTATO CASE

One and a half pounds cooked fish or tinned or cooked smoked fish, 1½lb. peeled potatoes, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, browned crumbs, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ cup milk, ¼ cup diced cooked carrot, ¼ cup diced cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to

taste, small pinch herbs, creamed potato, lemon wedges, tomato slices, parsley to garnish.

Cook potatoes, mash, stir in beaten egg and chopped parsley. Grease 8in. recess-tin, coat thickly with crumbs. Fill potato into tin, bake 20 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric). Melt margarine or butter, stir in flour, cook 2 minutes without allowing to brown. Add milk, lemon juice, carrot, celery, and seasonings, stir while mixture boils and thickens. Flake fish, remove bones, fold into sauce. Unmould potato mould on to hot serving dish, decorate edge with creamed potato. Fill centre with creamed fish, top with tomato slices and lemon wedges. Garnish with parsley.

TUTTI-FRUTTI SHORTCAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, 3oz. margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup milk, 1 egg, 1½ cups fruit salad, ¼ cup juice from salad (or syrup from tinned fruit), 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar (if using tinned syrup omit sugar), ice-cream, passionfruit pulp to decorate.

Sift flour, rub in margarine or butter. Add sugar, mix to soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Press out to fit 8in. cake-tin, place in greased tin. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Prepare fruit filling. Blend cornflour with fruit juice or syrup, add lemon and sugar (if used). Stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes, fold in fruit salad. Cut shortcake through centre, fill with fruit mixture. Top with balance of fruit mixture, decorate with passionfruit pulp, and serve with ice-cream.

Don't forget my ROBOLEINE mummy!



From baby days onwards, growing youngsters need extra nourishment to replace lost energy. Children love delicious Roboleine (in milk or off the spoon). It gives them just those nourishing elements their little systems require to build up bodily fitness and give them that inner strength to resist colds and infection. Roboleine builds bone and muscle, and helps form rich red blood. No wonder doctors recommend and use Roboleine for their own families.

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SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Made from finest quality, linen-finished sheetings, Erin Art sheets are available in all sizes either plain or hemstitched and scalloped; Erin Art pillow cases are in housewife style, hemstitched, embroidered or plain.



From the heart of Sunripened Tomatoes



WHITE CROW

Tomato Sauce

A PRODUCT OF FRANCIS LONGMORE & CO. LTD.



THIS delicious apple-fruit cake, which wins first prize in this week's recipe contest, is ideal for afternoon tea or the family lunches.

Prize economy cake...

THIS week's first prize of £5 is awarded for a rich yet economical recipe for apple-fruit cake.

You'll be delighted with the close, even texture and delicious flavor of this cake, which requires only two ounces of shortening and one egg. We recommend cooking it in a nut-loaf tin as a good fruit roll. It is just as good sliced and prepared with butter or lemon cheese as when iced and served in blocks.

APPLE-FRUIT CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups cooked, unsweetened apple pulp, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cup chopped walnuts or mixed nuts, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins, 2½ cups flour.

Cream margarine or butter and sugar. Stir bicarbonate of soda into apple pulp while apples are still warm. Add to creamed mixture, then fold in raisins and nuts. Lastly fold in sifted dry ingredients, making a soft mixture. Fill into well-greased slab-tin 7in. x 11in. or two nut-roll tins. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes for slab-tin, 45 to 50 minutes for nut-roll tins. Cool on cake-cooler; when cold, ice slab cake with lemon-flavored icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

First Prize of £5 to Miss A. Thorgersen, George St., Moonta, S.A.

SAVORY FISH

One and a half cups cooked, flaked fish (or crabmeat, shelled prawns, or tinned fish), 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and cayenne pepper, 2 cups rich, melted butter sauce (flavored with lemon juice, salt, cayenne pepper, and dash of nutmeg), 3 tablespoons finely grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter.

Thickly grease inside of deep casserole dish, coat with breadcrumbs.

PEARS, home cooked or tinned, are the main ingredient in this simple cold dessert. The sweet is made more satisfying by the addition of fingers of sponge cake flavored with lemon butter. Passionfruit pulp may be used instead of cherries to decorate. See recipe on this page.



Place a layer of fish (using ½ cup) in bottom of casserole, season lightly with salt and cayenne pepper, sprinkle with parsley. Cover with 1-3rd of melted butter sauce, then 1½ sliced hard-boiled eggs. Add another layer each of fish, sauce, and hard-boiled eggs. Finish with remaining 1-3rd of sauce. Combine balance of breadcrumbs with cheese and sprinkle over top of casserole. Dot with margarine or butter, and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes, until top is lightly browned and fish mixture heated through. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices, and serve piping hot with baked tomato halves.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. M. McGibbon, Torquay, Qld.

PEAR DELICIOUS

Six cooked pear halves, 7in. plain sponge, 2 tablespoons lemon butter, ½ pint milk, thin strip lemon rind, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 3 dessertspoons boiling pear syrup, vanilla, ½ cup coconut, cherries and extra coconut (colored if desired) to decorate.

Cut sponge into fingers, spread with lemon butter, arrange in serving-dish. Slice three pear halves, spread over sponge fingers. Blend cornflour with a little of the milk, making a thin smooth paste. Heat balance of milk with lemon rind, stir in blended cornflour and sugar, and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes, stir in butter, cool slightly. Remove lemon rind, stir in beaten egg-yolks, cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, and when nearly cold add dissolved gelatine, coconut, and vanilla; mix well. Pour over pears and sponge in dish; chill until set. Garnish with extra coconut, remaining pear halves, and cherries or passionfruit pulp.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Spiers, Phipp St., Bicton, W.A.

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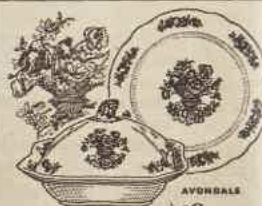
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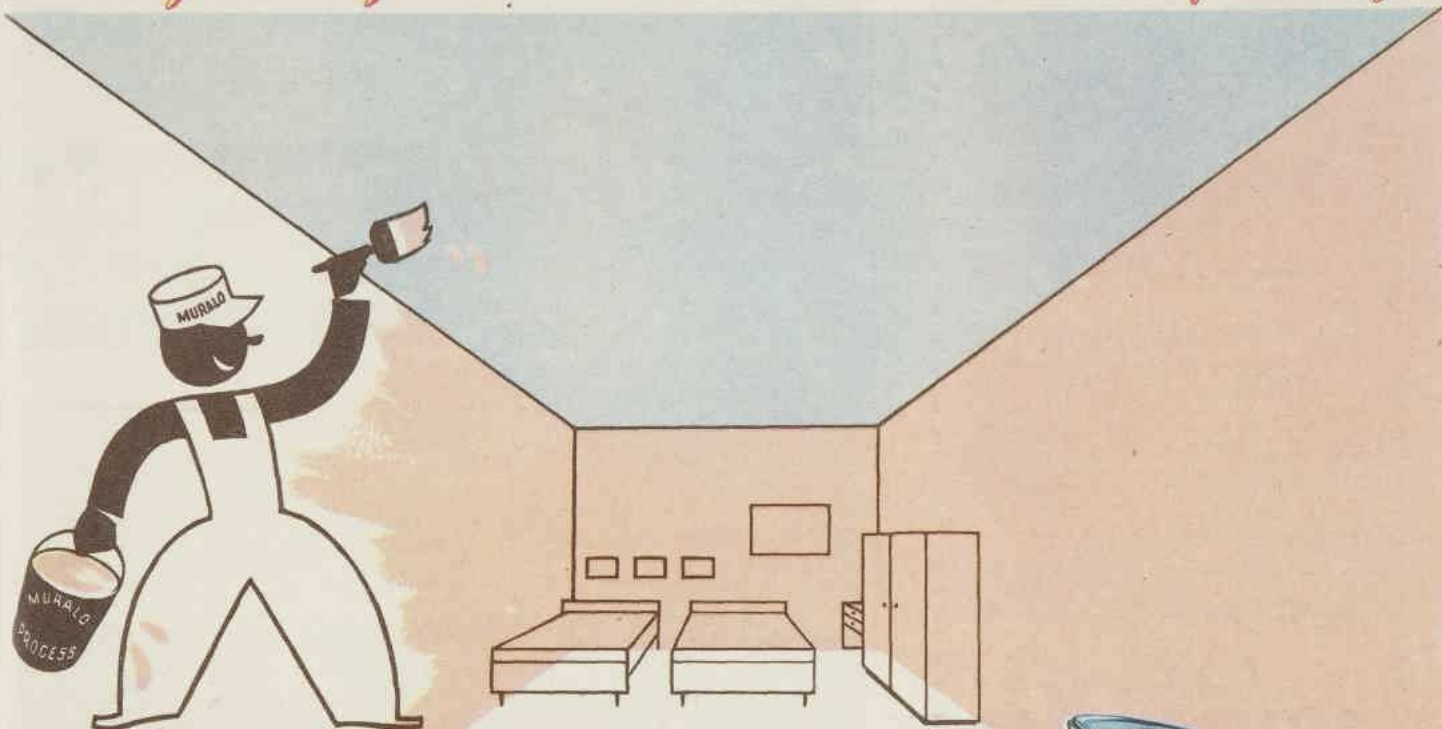
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Here's a delicious cake for the whole family—prepared with Bournville, the cocoa with the real chocolate flavour. And remember, a little Bournville goes a long way.

A quick, easy Recipe!

3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teasp. Carb. of Soda, 1 descript. Bournville Cocoa, 3 tablesp. Water, 4 oz. Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teasp. Cr. of Tartar, 4 oz. Flour, 1 teasp. Butter.

Beat egg whites, add unbeaten yolks and sugar. Beat until thick. Stir in sifted flour and cr. of tartar. Blend Bournville Cocoa in water, melt butter, then pour on to carb. of soda. Stir well into cake mixture. Pour into greased sandwich tin. Bake in moderate oven 20-25 mins. Turn out; when cold join with frosting, cover top with Chocolate Icing.

Make Chocolate Icing with—

2 oz. Bournville Cocoa $\frac{1}{2}$ gill water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Icing Sugar Vanilla

Rub sugar through fine sieve. Put cocoa into saucepan, mix to smooth paste with water. Stir over low gas for few minutes—leave to cool. Add icing sugar and vanilla, mix to smooth paste. Stir over low gas until the icing just coats the back of spoon.

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Even the happiest children sometimes get out-of-sorts. Then, when the best is hardly good enough, the wise Mother naturally turns to California Syrup of Figs to restore their sunny dispositions. Califig, containing the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna, is not only gentle but efficient too. Children love its delicious flavour, so there are no fractious upsets about taking a dose.

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DRIVE leading to "Yarra Brae," the home of Hon. and Mrs. Lewis Clifford, is bordered by Lorraine Lee roses, which bloom almost the year round.

Modern plan for this country home

By EVE GYE, Editor of
Our Homemaker Department

"YARRA BRAE," the attractive home of the Hon. and Mrs. Lewis Clifford, at Wonga Park, overlooks some of the loveliest country in Victoria.

Running through the property is the Yarra River, which twists and turns for a hundred miles before it reaches the heart of Melbourne.

A model dairy farm is conducted there, supervised by Mr. Clifford, who is regarded as an authority on Friesian stock.

He also supervised the planning and building of the house. "We wanted plenty of light and fresh air," he said, "and we made the most of the views."

Fluorescent lighting—and plenty of it—is used in the majority of the rooms.



THE STUDY. Pride of place on the mantel-piece is given to pictures of imported Friesian stock. Room is furnished in off-white and amethyst.

Miss Precious Minutes

A DRY rubber sponge will freshen and clean slightly soiled wallpaper, if applied lightly. Suede shoes, first steamed, then rubbed with a rubber brush, will be greatly improved in appearance.

STAINS on cork table mats can be removed by applying the juice of a lemon and leaving for two or three hours; then washing with soapy water.

CUCUMBER may be used instead of ice to ease a headache. Cut thick strips of the skin and place them, cut side downwards, on the forehead, and they will feel as cool as any piece of ice.



MAIN ENTRANCE with dachshund on guard is shown right. Landscape window and terrace at left.

CARE OF BABY'S HAIR AND SCALP

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

CARELESSNESS in cleansing your baby's scalp may cause a troublesome condition known as "cradle-cap."

To allow for the rapid growth of a baby's brain during the first year of its life nature has left two spaces in the skull without a bony covering.

One is small and at the back of the head. You probably do not notice it, as it soon closes.

The other one, the anterior fontanelle, or "soft spot," as it is commonly called, is in the front and very noticeable. Normally it does not completely close until your baby is over one year old.

Many mothers, in washing a baby's head, are very nervous of this, and do not cleanse this area properly.

The whole of the scalp needs to

be gently but firmly massaged with a well-soaped hand. Use only a pure super-fatted soap, and be sure to rinse off all the soap with clear water, then thoroughly dry.

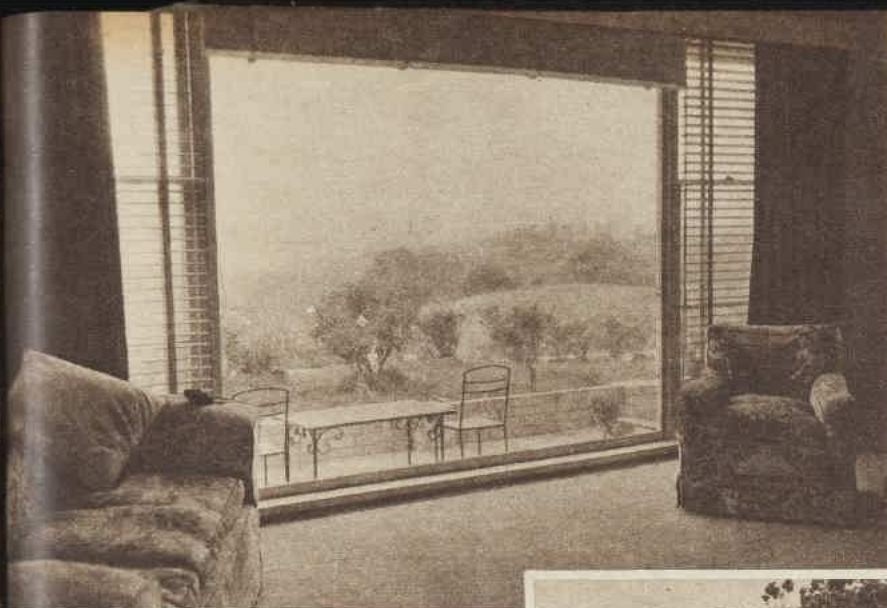
Watch carefully if any dryness appears, and at once apply a little grease, such as white vaseline, at night, then wash off at bath time next morning.

If baby's hair shows a tendency to curl, rubbing it in the opposite direction to that in which it grows may encourage a wave.

A leaflet on the care of the head and other nursery hints can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is sent with the request.



IF STAMPS become glued together, cover with a thin piece of paper and press with a warm iron and they'll pull away easily.



THROUGH this massive window in drawing-room of the Lewis Clifords' home are wide views of the lush countryside, which resembles English scenery and extends to the mountains, snow-capped in winter.



FIREPLACE in drawing-room, which has deep cream walls, pinky beige carpet. Linen covers on chairs carry prints of English country scenes.

SWEET PEAS

MOST gardeners grow a row or two of winter-flowering sweet peas mainly for their cutting value, color, and fragrance. Now is the time to sow.

From late March to early June is sowing time in all States and all districts except the very frostiest areas, where spring-flowering types should be used.

Soil preparation is important, for the sweet pea is exacting in this respect, and does very poorly where the soil is heavy and is therefore liable to waterlogging, or is light, hot, and porous, and not well endowed with nutrient and water-holding material.

First of all line the soil well and



ENGLISH FOLK grow sweet peas, such as these, in summer. Australians, for the most part, grow the winter-flowering Spencer types.

then water well. About three weeks later dig the ground over to a good depth and work some well-rotted cow or stable manure into the soil. As the roots forage deeply for nutrient and moisture you can go down as deep as 2ft. 6in. if you can manage it, but shallower preparation will give moderately good results.

Narrow trenches should be avoided as the sweet pea plants have roots that go widely out as well as deeply. Make the ground rich over a fairly wide strip. Before sowing the seed soak the soil well and let it settle.

The seed coats are very hard and often remain for weeks in the soil before germinating. It pays, therefore, to give each seed a slight nick with a razor blade before sowing.

This encourages quick swelling and germination. The seed can also be dusted with copper oxychloride to discourage any soil-inhabiting fungi that might cause rotting underground.

Watering is important during early growth and application should be sensible and frequent. Cover the young plants with wire-netting to prevent sparrows, doves, and other birds eating them off at the ground level. Stick small twigs in the ground near each plant to assist them to reach the wire-netting or string supports.

Weeding round the small plants should be done by hand, not by means of a hoe, or serious damage may occur.—OUR HOME GARDENER.

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men asking: Are you engaged for this? Can I have this dance, please? I did not know what to do, as I could not dance with the lot of them at once. I simply love dancing now, thanks to you. One man told me at the last dance that he could dance with me forever."—M.I. (Miss) Wealton, N.S.W.

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307

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No. 306—BOY'S SUIT

Cosy little boy's suit, cut out ready to sew, is in ever-wearing colors in shades of cream, blue, green, maize, and grey. Shirt and trousers of different colors may be ordered if so desired. Sizes: Length 18in., 2 yrs., 13/11. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra. Length 19in., 3 yrs., 15/9. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra. Length 20in., 4 yrs., 16/3. Regd. postage, 1/6 extra. Length 23in., 5-6 yrs., 17/6. Regd. postage, 1/6 extra.

No. 307—TEA TOWELS

Seven tea towels, one for each day of the week, are traced ready to embroider and measure 24 x 32in. They are in a heavy cotton with blue borders. Price, 3/3 each. Postage, 4/4d. extra. Set of seven, 21/-. Regd. postage, 1/6 extra.

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• TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 35.

F5933

F5935



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